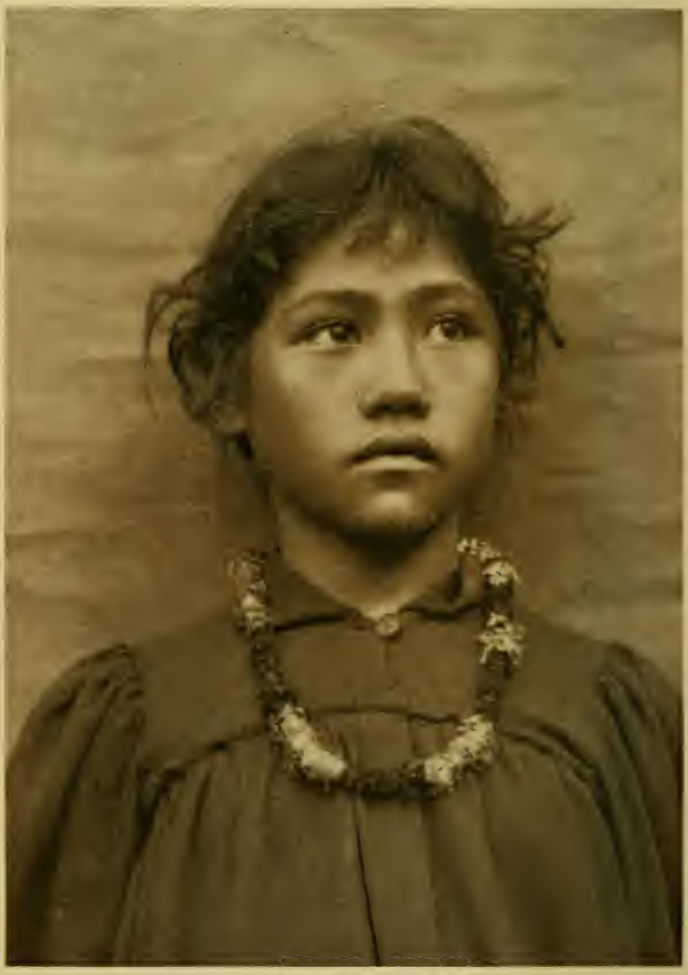
HAWAII NEI



Young Hawaiian Girl.

HAWAII NEI

BY

MABEL CLARE (CRAFT) Deering

ILLUSTRATED

WILLIAM DOXEY
AT THE SIGN OF THE LARK
SAN FRANCISCO
1899

TO THOSE WELL-REMEMBERED ONES

DWELLERS, SOME, IN PEACEFUL, OCEAN-GIRT HAWAII

VOYAGERS, OTHERS, FARING UPON MANY SEAS

WHOSE GENTLE COURTESY ADDED

UNFORGETTABLE PLEASURE TO THE

MIDSUMMER'S JOURNEY, OF WHICH

SOME ACCOUNT IS HERE SET DOWN

THIS BOOK IS INSCRIBED

A TOKEN OF GRATEFUL APPRECIATION

AND ESTEEM

TO BEGIN WITH

MANY travelers before me have felt Hawaii's spell — that subtle influence which touches your lips and eyes when first you see the islands floating like purple morning-glories on the sea. And until you leave them glimmering astern, the witchery never departs — so dangerous a fascination has this siren of the south for stern Ulysses of the north. It is an illusive charm that is not altogether describable; the languor of the island life must be lived. But tarry not too long, lest the clinging hands from the coral reef bind you fast in willing chains.

The old island life is fading like a wraith. Faint mists of it still linger about the mountains, in nooks and vales where Caucasian feet have not left too many hob-nailed tracks. The emigrant and the tourist improve few lands, and the old savagery and its calm content are but memories.

I am aware that my criticism of the Hawaiian republic will not be received with favor in Honolulu's narrow governmental circles. I do not believe that might necessarily makes right, and I have but reflected the political sentiments of the majority of Hawaiians as I found them during the summer of annexation, when hearts were peculiarly stirred by the culmination of an injustice that amounted to crime. The Hawaiian republic knew nothing of the "consent of the governed." The most signifi-

cant commentary on the late unlamented republic is, that at its last election about 2,600 voters were registered, and about 1,800 voted; while at the last election under the Queen about 4,800 were registered, and some 3,200 voted.

In Hawaii is the old spirit that abides in unhappy Poland, that burns in the breasts of Alsace-Lorraine. The looting of the Hawaiian monarchy by a few Americans was a sort of successful Jameson raid, and not an exploit over which any American need thrill with pride.

What I have said is only what every unprejudiced observer who goes to original sources may find for himself. Official sources are not always safe guides. The registration reports are open to all—so are the land-titles—and the white oligarchy, which seventy years ago was a hungry missionary band with emaciated purses, speaks for itself.

I have friends devoted to annexation and friends who are stanch royalists. My own opinion was formed entirely during my stay in the islands. It is merely an individual opinion, but a sincere one.

> "And each in his separate star
> Shall draw the Thing as he sees it,
> For the God of Things As They Are."

It is the thing as I saw it.

A few chapters of this book appeared originally in the San Francisco *Chronicle*, the New York *Sun*, the New York *Tribune*, the Philadelphia *Press*, and other American newspapers, in the form of letters from Honolulu, written on the eve of and immediately following the formal transfer of Hawaii to her new sovereignty. Such

revision as these chapters have undergone has been chiefly for the sake of condensation.

During my visit, Liliuokalani was at home and making a tour of the islands, and I had a chance to contrast her reception with the greeting of the Annexation Commissioners from America, also touring the islands. Some of the scenes I had the good fortune to witness may not occur again. They pass with the old. In the chapter on folk-lore, I am indebted to Liliuokalani, to Rollin M. Daggett's work on "The Legends and Myths of Hawaii," and to Judge Abram Fornander's "Account of the Polynesian Race; Its Origin and Migrations."

Old customs, old ways of living are rapidly disappearing, but some things remain unspoiled. The landscape, in all its beauty, is Hawaii's inalienable heritage, and there remains, too, a generous, hospitable, simple people, with handsome brown faces, illuminated by as kindly hearts as God ever placed in human breasts. Wrong has not embittered them. They give you greeting for your own sake, hoping only that you may see the truth and do them justice. Coming, their hands are first to greet you; going, the *leis* that they twine about your neck binds you to them, long after the odorous flower-wreaths have faded and have been cast upon the hill of waters rising between you.

And so from dreams the islands grow to realities, then fade to dreams again—fair Hawaii *nei*, little sister of the States.

M. C. C.

San Francisco, October 5, 1898.

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A Typical Hawaiian Sky.

HAWAII NEI

CHAPTER I

VOYAGING ISLANDWARDS

It is a geographical blessing that one cannot reach Hawaii by rail. To arrive there with soot in the eyes and dust in the garments, tired and travel-stained, with the throb of the rails sounding in the ears, and desirous only of a bath and a bed, would be like appearing before royalty in old clothes. But to slip smoothly down through six days of delicious rest and languor is fit preparation for entering into the presence of this queen of the sun-down sea.

The days at sea are full of dreams and laziness. It is a rest cure on a gigantic scale, with a hundred people taking it all at once. There is absolute lack of anything exciting from without; and woe to them who do not carry that store of memories within which makes gay the gravest day. Sometimes the voyager watches through the glass another steamer, plowing the parallel miles. Sometimes he may see a deep-laden sugar barkentine, beating up the wind in the distant horizon. There are magnificent sunrises and moonrises, like ships on fire; and the

sun sets in a glory of clouds and sky to be seen nowhere on dry land.

For the first few days the sea air is so sharp that rugs are a comfort, and then it grows so soft and warm that the canopied deck is a necessity. About the same time the sea changes from green to blue—a blue like lapis lazuli, more blue than the sapphire. Somebody has called it "cold suds and blueing," but it is far too beautiful to be compared with anything so prosaic. And with the wonderful sea-color, the flying-fish appear. They seem a piece of the sea; for they too are blue, and ocean, sky, and fish are shades of the same color. There was never a voyage when a flying-fish did not make for the lighted saloon windows and dash himself to death on the cabin floor. It is the marine version of the moth-and-candle story. There never was a chief steward who did not take the flying-fish tenderly in his hands and carry him around to show to the passengers, pretending that the coming of one on board was an unusual thing, and giving that pleasant sense of difference and distinction that every traveler loves. It is so pleasant to say to your friends in Honolulu: "And we had a flying-fish. He dashed himself to death against the windows of the cabin." To which they invariably reply: "Yes; they always do that the fourth day out."

Ah, the wily steward, who made us believe it was an Occurrence!

The blue sea and the blue fish, with their gauzy butterfly wings and their scales like blue metal, are signs of the tropics. The ocean becomes an oily plain, and the waves are smoothed out into the long, lazy swell of low latitudes. By day there is not even a pillar of cloud

to guide us, but by night it is a favorite diversion to watch the phosphorescent gleam of tiny lights around the ship's prow. Minute animal organisms they may really be, but we prefer to think them fireflies of the deep, or reflected stars.

And now the convalescent passengers creep on deck, saffron in tint as contrasted with the ruddy people who spend their nights in sweet sleep, their days in a brisk canter about deck, and who eat at every possible opportunity — sometimes six times a day.

Here is a young man said to be "in coffee," just up from a hospital operation, who crawls with transparent white hands fastened to a stick. His skin is pale and luminous, and his features are out of all proportion to his cheeks. He eats on every occasion. He has an early cup of coffee in bed, a more substantial tiffin at eight, a luncheon at noon, a cup of tea and a fresh cookie at four, a dinner at half-past six, and a cup of something hot at ten. And before the six days are passed his thin cheeks are filling out, his hands are browner and have lost their transparency, and sometimes he forgets his cane for hours. There are other passengers interesting to watch — elderly globe-trotters with short skirts, many shawls, and a courier.

During the early days of the trip there are many vacant seats at table — the places of those who have fallen by the wayside. Trays go to cabin doors and come back untouched. The purser goes to the ship's library, and Stoddard's book on the islands, which talks of "drifting to Paradise on an even keel," is cleverly abstracted; for the early days are a bit choppy, and the purser hates to be asked angrily a hundred times a day if *this* is drifting

to Paradise on an even keel! But gradually the chairs fill up and are at a premium; for after all it is really the mildest sort of an ocean experience. The delightful drifting before a fair wind with all sails set, and an average of 354 miles a day, must come to an end some time. In fact, we have been going faster than the wind, and our idle, flapping sails merely steady the ship and look well in the log-book. A day or two before Honolulu the guide-books come out. Heads bend over them, and little pencils scratch on tiny tablets. The students of guide-book and encyclopedia find that the islands are not properly called "South Sea Islands," but constitute, instead, the only important group in the North Pacific; that they have no connection with the South Sea groups beyond certain affinities of race and language; that they are so advantageously placed as to be about equidistant from California, Mexico, China, and Japan; and that they are in the torrid zone, extending from 18° 54′ to 22° 15′, north latitude, with a longitude from 154° 50′ to 160° 30′ west from Greenwich. Old Spanish charts prove that the Spanish navigators knew of them, but, according to Spanish custom, kept their knowledge from the world, until the islands were rediscovered by Captain Cook, in 1778.

The distance of Hawaii from the Californian coast is a little more than two thousand miles. The islands lie at the cross-roads where the great ocean routes to Australia and China cross. They are called "Hawaiian" from the name of the largest island. Captain Cook gave them the name of the Sandwich islands, in honor of his patron, the Earl of Sandwich, then First Lord of the British Admiralty; but the English name has almost passed from use,

and is seldom heard. It is a vulgarism, like the name "Kanaka," as applied to the natives of the islands. "Kanaka" is a native name, meaning simply "man," and the natives like it as a cognomen about as well as a respectable Chinese likes to be called "John Chinaman."

The travelers, over their guide-books, raise their heads with exclamations of surprise. The islands are so much larger than they thought them — six thousand seven hundred square miles in all, about equal to the principality of Wales or the kingdom of Saxony, with Hawaii, the principal island, nearly as large as the State of Connecticut. There are eight inhabited islands, extending from northwest to southeast, over a distance of about 380 miles. The names, some of them unfamiliar, are Hawaii, Maui, Kahoolawe, Lanai, Molokai, Oahu, Kauai, and Niihau. Nor did the tourists dream that Hawaii contains the highest mountains of any island in the world, only a few peaks of the Alps being as high as Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, while Haleakala, on Maui, is about equal to Mount Etna in extent and elevation, and is, moreover, the largest extinct crater in the world.

People look up from their books to inquire if the cocopalm, which produces coir rope, cocoanuts, and a hundred other useful things, is the same which produces chocolate, not knowing that the tall, ragged palm, on its slender stem, with its long and useful life of two hundred years or more, is not the same plant as the cacao-bush, or anything like it. There is also a persistent belief that the islanders were formerly cannibals, a sturdy theory that will not down, and is based on some legend as to the eating of Captain Cook. I was careful to run down that tale. One day, at dinner, I asked the great-granddaughter

of a chiefess who was present at the killing of the distinguished navigator about this reputed feast. She said that the heart of Captain Cook became mixed with some dog-meat and was eaten by mistake. The testimony of the lineal descendant of an eye-witness ought to be good authority. As a matter of fact, the Hawaiians never were cannibals. Their sacrifice of human life merely marked a form of worship common to many pagan creeds. The idea of eating human flesh was abhorred. Why should they feast on one another when pig was plentiful and good?

And having discussed the cannibal question with some warmth, the travelers go back to the exhuming of more statistics. They find that the island idols exist only in museums; that the islanders cast them away voluntarily in 1819, at the very time when the first missionaries were on their way around Cape Horn; that the natives, who were decreasing rapidly in the seventies, and were threatened with total extinction, have since then gained some ground, and are not now decreasing so rapidly; that the population of the islands in 1896 was 109,020, 31,019 being Hawaiians, 8,485 part Hawaiians, 3,086 Americans, 15,000 Portuguese, 4,000 other Europeans, 24,000 Japanese, and 21,000 Chinese; and that the soil, which is described in prospectuses as flowing with milk and honey and producing wild all sorts of luxuries, is in reality poor, with nature yielding little spontaneously. Later they find that the valleys are fertile and productive, but limited in extent, and that the dry plains may be made fertile by irrigation. Intending settlers are sorry to discover that most of the available land is already taken up, and they will be still further astonished to learn the price of land

in the valleys. There is not much left in Hawaii for the poor man, and even the capitalist will have some difficulty making an entrance where everything is already owned and incorporated.

But there is other knowledge that is more pleasant. Everybody knows that Hawaii's is the most salubrious climate on earth, but everybody does not know that it is almost absolutely equable, and that a man may take his choice between broiling all the year round at the sea-level, on the leeward side of the islands, at a temperature of 85°, or may enjoy the charms of a fireside at an altitude where there is frost every night in the year. To get any desired climate, you need only to follow Mark Twain's advice, and mark the place on the thermometer that suits you best; then climb until the mercury drops to the mark. It is a simple recipe for getting the needed change of season.

The physical geographists will tell you that the volcanoes died out from north to south, which makes Kauai, the garden isle, to the north, the oldest of its brethren and the most fertile. You can see for yourself that Maui and Hawaii are the youngest and most restless of the group. Unfinished Hawaii is still smoking, and its trackless wastes of lava, unfit for cultivation, are destined to lie idle for hundreds of years.

And then one yawns and lounges to the cabin, where less serious-minded people play at cards, waiting to learn geography from personal observation, which is, after all, the best and the only unforgettable way.

CHAPTER II

HAWAII'S CAPITAL

AGAINST a background of green and shimmering valleys, full of showers and sunshine and arched with rainbows, Honolulu sits and dabbles her feet in the sea. Never was a city more beautifully located — nor have painters found a more delicious landscape than this changeful one in the South Pacific, variable as some women, but always lovely and never losing its fickle charm. One gets up at five in the morning to see the faint gray, blurred outlines of barren Molokai and to make a first study of a Hawaiian sky — a sketch in water-colors, where huge masses of feathery clouds tumble and pile and change against a curtain of iridescent hues that gradually merges into one of divinest blue. And presently it is the huge truncated cone of Diamond Head that comes into view—one of the sentinels that have kept watch over Oahu these thousand years. The volcano blew its head off years and years ago, and the unsightly wound has healed with the wonderfully recuperative powers of nature in this part of the world. It is not a high mountain now, but before that terrific explosion it must have been a soaring peak with a lofty head in the blue. Now its ragged sides seem to have slipped waterward, and its well-known profile is one of the landmarks of the coast.

A Typical Half-White.

I looked in vain for the palms that fringe the coast of fiction — those "feather-dusters in a cyclone" that are the sign and symbol of the tropics. Not a coco-palm raised its plumed head on slender, willowy trunk. All was dry, sandy, and unprofitable. But presently a bend in the coast, and then the green shore of pictures and imagination — a broad belt of freshness and verdure — and against the yellows and browns of the ragged range, bending cocoanut-palms and fluttering bananas to lend the tropical touch. And from the land, into the face of the rising sun, crept that perfumed breeze that blows in dreams of Araby. It is, indeed, a land of ten thousand Junes.

And we, bending over the rail in the languorous airs of early morning — for here is no chill freshness of dawn — note that the sea is changing from the ultra-marine of the mid-Pacific to the emerald of the shallows, beneath which lie the shining sands and the living coral of the reef.

The harbor of Honolulu is difficult and set with dangers, and the good ship feels her way cautiously along the channel. Buoys mark out the narrow road which leads to safety, the path of righteousness being one of twists and turns, and the ship is at last snugly harbored where hull rubs hull within narrow confines. The bay of Honolulu is an overcrowded inn, where every guest-chamber is taken.

Around the ship darts a school of divers — brown boys who leap like dolphins at play. Nothing could be smoother or slimmer than their graceful, gleaming bodies. They skim and dive for silver, and come from the green depths with the coins in their mouths to show you their

agility and skill. They shriek shrilly to attract your attention, and go wriggling to the very bottom of the bay after the coin. A penurious person from east of the Mississippi flips a copper, and the divers detect it instantly and laugh contemptuously.

The pier is covered with people—a blare of bright colors against a background of white. The black garments to which our eyes are accustomed are utterly lacking, and the sun beats down on the white, and is reflected back again with an increase of heat. Behind the low white town, umbrellaed in shade, radiate beautiful valleys like the spokes of a wheel. They are so filled with verdure, that they seem to be lined with green velvet, and, like horns of plenty, they have emptied all their treasure on the scant shore where Honolulu sits and threatens to slide into the sea. Behind the city is the commanding eminence of Punchbowl, another dead and buried crater, whose quenched fires must once have turned midnight to midday where Honolulu now stands. Peaks and towers and domes rise behind, making mountainous lacework against the sky, each telling his tale of those tremendous upheavals when this still unfinished land rose from the sea.

If you arrive in the summer it is a moist and sticky morning, and you press through the warm and clinging crowd into one of the waiting hacks, which are not hacks at all, but surreys, and the Honolulu hackman fastens his talons upon you. Strangers are his legitimate prey. To residents he is kindly and indulgent—to travelers merciless. He looks at you, estimates your resources, and demands them all. And you, a poor limp rag, bathed in perspiration, and with a moral fiber melted

with heat, fall into the inevitable Honolulu indolence and call a carriage to go three blocks. The result is an impaired liver, a digestion gone wrong, and perhaps, accumulated weight. The curse of Honolulu is not the climate, but the laziness it engenders. Meanwhile the hackmen with their rubber-tired vehicles and their soft cushions and their cool linen rugs fatten like spiders. Just before you come away you learn that the regular price for any fare within the city proper is twenty-five cents, and that for long trips the same rule applies as elsewhere in the world, and it is imperative to drive a bargain in advance.

But even the octopus of a hackman cannot make you forget the streets through which you spin. The *ponciana regia* is bursting over your head in a crimson crown, the Golden Shower is throwing pendent clusters of yellow at your feet, the scarlet *hibiscus* nods at you from hedgerows, like eglantine in an English spring, and the thirsty banyan, with hundreds of drinking feelers which have sapped the earth beneath and rendered it verdureless, invites you to stop and rest in its heavy shade. Tattered bananas offer sunnier shelter, where light and shadow tremble alternately. There are no trees to remind you of home. All leaves are light and feathery, like the tamarind, or heavy and polished and waxen, like the breadfruit. You look in vain for a familiar tree-face in all that green and thronging crowd. These are the trees of the Tropic of Cancer, and the temperate zone is only a memory.

The air is heavy with the perfume of myriads of tuberoses and waxen pomerias. The streets are narrow and crooked, amazingly intricate at first sight. They branch

in every direction as if from a common center. They are muddy from the showers that fall every night and almost every day, and the trees meet overhead in a soft dense shade. After the wharves come little low-browed shops and some pretentious stores; but even in the best of them primal colors jostle others of opposite disposition, and the quarreling combination shows that these people, so rich in wondrous color effects, have never studied the sequence in their own rainbows. The screaming juxtaposition is said to be for the benefit of the native who still has the brilliant taste of barbarism.

The houses are so modest among the shade-trees that the first glimpse tells little of their architecture. They smack of New England with blinds and gables, but they are without chimneys, and the twenty-foot-wide verandas are a Southern innovation. The tropical trees that surround them, the giant ferns and the fruits are importations from across the island, for this side of Oahu is not naturally tropical. In the verandas, inclosed for the most part, and called *lanais*, the family life goes on. There are cushions and couches, cool braided mats, and writing-tables. Often the family dines here, and one could sleep on the veranda in comfort. Here callers are received, and the household life ebbs and flows in the open air.

At last there is the hotel — the Royal Hawaiian — built by the government in the days of kings, and now floating the American flag. The hotel is set in the deepest shade of all. The dry pods of tamarinds rattle far overhead, the sunlight trickles in thin streams between many leaves both broad and thick, and tremulous aspen shadows flicker on the natural sward. Myna-birds, each with its

single white feather, dart about on the grass. These birds, were introduced to remove a pest, but now, multiplied in this warm, nourishing climate, are themselves become a plague, like so many other imported blessings. Beyond the trees may be seen the soaring tower of the Government Building, which was not long ago Iolani Palace. It was the home of a king, and saw its dynasty rise and fall. It has looked unmoved on little revolutions, and has been a royal prison. Over a stone wall, with a wealth of vine atop, is a lofty church — a monument to missionary forehandedness. As the church rose, the palace toppled and fell.

The hotel *lanai* is big and luxurious, with palms and growing green things, and gold-fish sporting in a big glass bowl. Everything is cool except the traveler, who mops an unaccustomed brow and orders a lemonade. It comes in a big, deep, wide-lipped glass, the ice tinkling against the thin sides. A huge mosquito, with chinchilla legs, striped in gray and black, settles down upon you and bids you welcome to Honolulu.

CHAPTER III

THE TROPIC REPUBLIC

THERE is nothing in American public life to cause an association of ideas between politics and religion, but in the islands they go hand and hand. To be in politics under the late republic one needed also to be in religion; but after a study of the political conditions of the islands, I have come to the conclusion that in Hawaii, as in America, true religion and "practical politics" have not even a bowing acquaintance.

The men who went to Hawaii to teach the native the way in which he should go, began by being the power behind the throne, and ended with being the power in front of it. When the missionary could no longer rule in the shade of the cloak of yellow feathers, he boldly threw off the sheltering garment and took the scepter for his own. There ended the most picturesque of island monarchies. I was not bred a royalist, and monarchical forms are not my forms, but seeing the republic of Hawaii in its expiring days, I cannot but think what an ideal place this must have been when native chiefs and chiefesses ruled in the islands of Hawaii. At the mere mention of their names the missionaries hold up their hands in horror. They cannot speak of Hawaii's latest sovereigns without a pious imprecation. To their cross-eyed mental vision all *luaus* were orgies and all pleasure

A Pounder of Poi.

unholy. Doubtless some of these strictures are just; but, as an offset, it should be remembered that many of these profligate personages were also the kind and generous patrons of the missionary clan. The advisers of royalty were mainly white, and it was not until there rose up a woman whom they could not control that the missionaries found the royal yoke intolerable. And as for Hawaiian royalty, its behavior was much the same as that of royalty in other lands — much as it will always be while wealth and power buy everything in the world except happiness.

And so any glimpse of the incongruous tropic republic that was transplanted to this land of royal traditions must begin with the missionaries who came in the brig Thaddeus, arriving off the coast in the spring of 1820. The first of these gospel families settled in Kailua, and that little peaceful town is pointed out as the place where civilization first came to the islands. Some people call it the spot where the serpent entered Eden, but that depends on the point of view. At any rate, the advent of the missionary was the turning-point in Hawaiian history. There had been centuries of civil war and pillage, with intervals of peace and prosperity under an occasional strong chief who knew how to protect his people. The great Kamehameha, whose commanding bronze figure still reigns over Honolulu — the strutting infant republic not having banished him — had subdued his rivals and brought the islands under a single sovereignty. This native chief was the first to conceive the imperial idea, and he carried it out through a long life. There is a decided tendency in missionary publications to belittle Kamehameha, and a concentrated effort to make it appear

that all his victories were won because of the assistance of whites and firearms. Nothing is said of the fact that Kamehameha was the first chief to apply the use of firearms to island warfare. In one Hawaiian history it is emphasized that the corner-stone of Kamehameha's empire was laid in blood. I do not recall any historical corner-stones which were laid otherwise.

The second Kamehameha was even braver than the island Napoleon who preceded him; for he dared to meet and fight with the ancient superstitions of his race, and to throw off the galling yoke of the ancient *tabus*. It was an act comparable to the freeing of the serfs in Russia — not forced in any way, and one by which the king gave up many privileges, that he might easily have continued to exact.

The strenuous laws of the *tabu* carried originally the most frightful penalties; but as nothing followed the breaking of all their cherished tables of stone, the islanders, quick to reason from effect to cause, turned from their idols and deserted their temples. The soil was ripe for a new religion, and about half the missionaries' work was done.

I have visited the old Thurston house at Kailua, on the island of Hawaii. It is a good type of the missionary house all through the islands, and in its decay it is eloquent of the motives and methods of these men who came to preach the gospel to the heathen, and to cry aloud in the tropical wilderness. To New England the natives were heathen. Bigotry still esteems them such. There was not the slightest attempt to conform to native architecture. Instead, a frame house came out from the old country, and soon a New England manse, all gables and

eaves and doors with fan-lights, reared its head on the green sloping hill that backs Kailua. The house must have been very hot and uncomfortable, entirely unadapted as it was to the island climate. The attic rooms must have been close and stuffy, and the lack of wide verandas a real deprivation. The old garden with its high and frowning fence may still be seen. Within this inclosure, Mrs. Thurston kept the little Thurstons, with strict injunctions that under no circumstances were they to hold converse with the natives. It was her boast that her children were to be brought up like New England children — no settlement idea this. The very house shows its desire to be exclusive. It is set half-way up the hillside in a maze of green, at some distance from the grass houses that fringed the sea, where the gregarious natives huddled as close together as possible. That there was some doubt of the sincerity of the friendly natives in the minds of these early teachers, is shown by the little peep-holes in the doors, like loop-holes in an Indian blockhouse. Everywhere the most determined effort was made to graft the civilization of New England upon this land of the banana and the coco-palm. Mrs. Thurston wanted a milk-house like the one at home, and she took for that purpose a cave at the back of the house. It was a cool grotto, and there she set her milk-pans, and did everything in the good old way. What did she care that the cave went underground all the way to the sea, coming out at last in a delicious cove at the water's edge, which was *tabu* and sacred to the chief who used to bathe there? Surf-bathing was no part of the New England curriculum, and bathing *au naturel* was wicked. And so the tabu cave and subterranean passage was used as a

dairy, until one day one of the earthquakes that happen along almost every day in this new island of Hawaii, tumbled huge bowlders about the milk-house, and threw stones into the Thurston pans, and after that the lady of the manse relished the place no more.

The trouble with the missionary plan here, as in most places, was that it purposed to establish out of hand a scheme of civilization for which the islanders were all unprepared. It ignored all the preparation and gradual growth of Anglo-Saxon ideals, and sought to transplant the full-grown tree to another and entirely dissimilar land, where no condition was the same. It was as if England had skipped from John to Victoria. The result was that the islanders were plunged into the swift, unaccustomed current, and speedily ingulfed. When the missionaries taught them religion, they should also have taught them how to maintain themselves in the throat-cutting civilization of the Anglo-Saxon.

The natives died in shoals, and the survivors to this day say, "The white man is too smart for us."

It is the missionary fallacy that the Gospel and civilization are the best things in the world for the "benighted savage," the aforesaid "benighted savage" being represented as eating fresh wild fruits in the day and sleeping under the stars, spending the interval up in a coco-palm scanning the horizon for a missionary sail, and waiting to be discovered by civilization and rescued from a state of perfect contentment, which he can never by any chance regain.

The islands were still in the feudal period. There was no such thing as a fee-simple in land. On the death of a high chief, the land was re-apportioned. The common

people paid tribute to petty chiefs, the petty chiefs to more powerful ones, and so on. The immediate followers of the *moi*, or king of the island, were bound to furnish him with a certain stated number of armed retainers in time of war. It was, in little, a perfect feudal state, with all the civil war and trouble that attended feudalism in Europe. And upon this basis, constantly changing with the ambitions of petty chieftains, the missionaries expected to rear New England systems, and New England ideas. History does not like to jump five hundred years. Her protest meant the diminution and gradual extermination of the natives. The strongest ones made a desperate effort to keep pace with the whites; the weaker fell by the wayside. The happiest Kanaka is the dead Kanaka, and the land is honeycombed with their burial-places.

This view does not find much sympathy in the islands or elsewhere. There is a prevailing idea that lurks under white skins, that the Anglo-Saxon civilization is the only one worth having, and that it is destined to spread over the earth. The terrible monotony of this thing when it shall have come to pass never occurs to any one. A little well-meant regret for the passing of the good-tempered, good-looking Polynesian, is greeted with the contemptuous remark: "Oh, that is mere sentiment. We do not want a picturesque government. We want one that we can make money under. No white man is going to be ruled by a black one."

The suggestion that the white man might have stayed at home, is received with scorn and answered with silence.

As fast as the natives were ready, they passed on to

the better and more kindly world for which they had been prepared, and no one stopped to consider whether it was better to be a live savage than a dead Christian. As the native population grew less and less, the only recognition of the fact was a pious whisper that God's will should be done. And in a few years it came to pass that the teeming island was decimated — the island once so populous in spite of civil strife that a string of ten thousand natives stretched from hills to coast and passed up from hand to hand the coral blocks for the building of a *heiau*, or heathen temple. Wild tobacco now grows on the hillsides within the tumble-down walls of deserted *kuleanas*, as the natives call their homesteads, and it is only under the sod that Hawaii is populated with her native citizens. The Kanaka found the burden of civilization too heavy, and so laid him down and died.

There is nothing to be said against the motives of the pious exiles who immured themselves in this beautiful land, though I should think that the change from the bleak New England hillsides and the stony New England farms to this land whose teeming soil yielded all sorts of delicious fruits, and whose landscape was a panorama of beautiful scenes, would have been like the change from Purgatory to Paradise, and by no means a form of martyrdom. The missionaries meant well by the natives. They began by showing them their sins of omission and commission. The bewildered Kanaka, who never intended to do anything that was wrong, found that he had all along been committing the most heinous sins unconsciously. In the first place, he was unclothed. His only garment was the *malo*, a strip of *kapa* cloth bound around

his waist, and knotted adroitly about the loins. His women wore an ample skirt of *kapa*, extending from waist to knee, and consisting of many folds of the cloth that is beaten from the inner bark of trees, and which rustles like the cast-off skins of ten thousand serpents. Clothes are a superfluity in Hawaii, and worn only for conventionality's sweet sake. The first thing the missionary had to do was to teach the native to be ashamed, no reptile busybody or kindly tree having brought self-consciousness to this island Eden. For the men the hideous pantaloon and the shirt were introduced to hide the brown satin skin that always looks dressed to Caucasian eyes. For the women the more hideous *holoku* was devised to cover the turn of a trim ankle and the dimple of a dainty elbow. No doubt the shapeless prototype of the "Mother Hubbard," with its square yoke, was easy for missionary Dorcas societies to turn out in untold numbers, and the missionary ladies never dreamed that these hopelessly unbecoming garments, in which the charms of maid and matron were alike swallowed up, could ever be made to suggest as well as to reveal.

The missionaries even sought to prohibit the wearing of the *lei*—the charming wreath of strung flowers that is characteristic of the South Seas. They thought the custom indicative of a light mind, when, in reality, it was only the sign of a light heart. But the love of flowers was too deep to be rooted out, and the natives who had meekly gone into their trousers and *holokus* refused, gently but firmly, to abandon their *leis*.

Having taught the natives that it was sinful to go comfortably unclothed, the missionaries, or their relatives and friends from New England, opened stores and sold them

the necessary cloth. They taught them that the Hawaiian custom of cleaning the bones and laying the skeleton to rest in burial-caves was unchristian. Coffins were the thing, and they sold them coffins. It was six days in the store and one in the sanctuary, and the natives, gentle, tractable, and easily led, grew rapidly in the direction pointed out to them. Gradually, by some occult process, the little *kuleanas* began to slip from their uncommercial fingers, the small holdings were gradually consolidated in the hands of a few Americans, and the first great fortunes had their rise in Hawaii.

It was all by due form of law, I have no doubt. Nothing is so unjust as justice, and none know so well as the American how to fit the forms of law over things that equity abhors. Usually, the native mortgaged his land for a small amount to give a feast, or to entertain his friends. Though the loan was small, the interest was not, and the idea of paying the interest never occurred to the native. It was not long before the mortgaged *kuleana* was the property of the coming land barons. The records are all quite straight and aboveboard. They tell how many feet to the *mauka* side, which is toward the mountain, and how many feet *makai*, toward the sea, the *kuleanas* ran. How many of the natives understood the true meaning of a mortgage, and who took the trouble to explain it to them? A people which has never been allowed to alienate its land, merely holding it as tenants at will, cannot be trusted with the absolute right of its bestowal. In this case, the Hawaiians were better off under their feudal system with the slender claim of fealty on their land, than as free men without any land at all. At first they did not know what it

meant. Had they really parted with all their *taro*-patches and cocoanut-groves? Once every man had his bit to cultivate. Now they stand landless and empty-handed.

More and more the whites gained the confidence of the island monarchs. Some of these were strong and kindly, and willing to do much for their people. Some were merely good imitators, aping in miniature the royal manners and morals of sovereigns elsewhere. Always the whites, often the missionaries, were chief counselors of the kings, and always the commercial Anglo-Saxon waxed more powerful in exact proportion to his money; for in Hawaii, as elsewhere, money is the common term to which all problems are at last reduced — the universal solvent.

At last there came a time when commercial interests demanded annexation. The whites practically owned the islands. They objected to being heavily taxed for the support of a gay and extravagant court. The morals of the court were also objected to, but the morals were as they always had been. It was the sensitive pocket rather than the sensitive conscience that was touched. The monarchy died easily. The natives are not fighters, and they were not well led. Gin was substituted for generalship, and the result was what might have been expected.

There followed the most unrepublican of republics — not even excepting Mexico. This was not an enlightened despotism, nor a dictatorship, but an oligarchy — a government which at its best never represented more than a small minority of the inhabitants of the islands. It never derived its powers from the consent of the governed,

since only a fraction of the governed assented to it in any way. But this minority, though small numerically, was powerful commercially. It included almost all the moneyed men of the islands. It was a dollarocracy of the latest and most improved type. Before a man could vote he must take an ironclad oath of fealty which bound him not to attempt to restore the queen or to assist in any revolution looking toward monarchical restoration. To vote for senator, he must have an income of fifty dollars a month. The oath caught one part of the royalists, and the property qualification the other. The wealthy ones would not subscribe to the new thirty-nine articles, and the poor ones could not vote if they would. And between this Scylla and Charybdis the "family compact," or missionary party, had it all their own way. Fifty dollars a month may not seem a high qualification, but in a country where a native superintendent of railway construction — a man capable of surveying and constructing twelve miles of as well-balanced road-bed as exists even in America — gets but thirty-five dollars a month, the effect on the native vote may be imagined. Only the families of chiefs, and not all of them, had money enough to escape the sweeping provisions of the law, and for them to take an oath of fealty to the new government was out of the question.

And in all the years that passed, the natives never forgot their enmity to the government, which they regarded to the last as the creation of a band of usurpers.

An ordinary Hawaiian boatman, a man with a common-school education, a good average type of his people, said to me one day: "I have left the native church. I am going to belong either to the Mormon church or the

Catholic. They, at least, did not rob us. The missionaries came here with a Bible in one hand and a butcher-knife in the other. They told us about heaven, and while we were looking up, they took everything we had."

There are some missionaries who died poor—the more honor to them for their worldly unsuccess. But inquire into the ancestry of the island millionaires, and you will almost invariably find a missionary pedigree. The missionaries reared their sons to secular occupations. The records of the republic show that these, at least, considered themselves bound by no vow of poverty.

Financially and governmentally, the missionary families have prospered. Instead of the missionary families, they are now the millionaire families, and only the fact that in almost every family one or two feeble-minded children form a blot on the scutcheon, reminds the unclerical observer that the Lord still chastens them that he loveth. Except for this sign, one might almost imagine that the Giver had lost all affection for those who came to christianize the islands, and had decided to let them grow so rich that not one of them could hope to enter the kingdom of heaven.

There were some good men in the missionary republic—some men undoubtedly earnest and sincere. Some of them even came to have a sort of popularity with the natives; but the government, as a whole, never felt sure enough of itself, nor certain enough of the depth of the grave in which the hatchet had been interred, to allow the native to vote. The registration of voters under the republic was always extremely low, and at the last election so small a number voted that the farcical character of the "republic" was apparent.

The personnel of the republic was peculiar. The native Hawaiians have nothing but scorn for those officials who "kowtowed" most industriously under the monarchy, and were the first to undermine it. They were the ones — Americans, too — from whose lips "Your Majesty" flowed most obsequiously and unnecessarily. No royalist from birth ever paid such servile court as they. They even kissed the royal hand — a dark hand — and have been known to crawl on marrow-bone into the presence of the queen. Nothing in all Liliuokalani's book excited as much mirth in Honolulu as her passages concerning the struggle for precedence in her Lilliputian court. The best things about these tales is that every one in Honolulu knows they are true. But these people, who were willing to crawl on all-fours to win favor at the hands of a king, and who did win favors of many sorts, mainly pecuniary and official, were the very first to cry, "Down with the monarchy!" and to make a great outcry about republicanism and the equal rights of free men, when their knees were still aching from the constant wear and tear. Such time-servers as these, put prominently forward in a government, bring the whole scheme into contempt.

One gentleman in particular, himself a foreigner, had the greatest suspicion and dislike of strangers. He distrusted them all, and checkmated newcomers as far as possible. He never missed one of his many opportunities to snub a stranger, and played the czar in his own small realm. He was so vulnerable and so fearful of criticism that he sought uniformly to gag all expressions of honest opinion, and would not even disclose what was of public interest and importance. The whole

government was noted for intolerance and hypocrisy. With a muzzled press and a close corporation of voters, what remains of republican ideals?

The newspapers in Honolulu have always been owned by political cliques, and only one ever dared to indulge in fearless criticism. The President was spoken of as though he were a god, and any disposition, even to inquire, was put down with all the savage intolerance of the descendants of those men who are responsible for that little episode at Salem. Here, under the palms, in a climate that would be expected to soften anything, appeared again that adamantine bigotry and intolerance which made the name of Puritan feared and hated, and which blackens their memory in spite of many virtues, even to this day.

The one newspaper that dared to criticise is mentioned in the street with bated breath — never at all in polite missionary circles. The gag in the mouth of journalism extended not only to the official acts and private characters of public personages, but even to the news, which should know no color and no bias. Proprietors and stock companies were so timid of criticism that news of prime importance was not allowed to be published in Honolulu until it had been sent to the Pacific Coast, there published, and in due form returned to Honolulu. Then it might be copied, forsooth! Even as late as the summer of 1898, only two years before the beginning of the twentieth century and one hundred and thirty-six years after Wilkes, a great turmoil was caused in one newspaper office because the paper published a thrilling account of an attempt to blow up one of the United States transports, during the war with Spain — an event

which had a peculiar local interest, because it occurred as the ship was nearing Honolulu. No one questioned the truth of the story. The issue was made on the propriety of printing the tale, though it hurt no one and was legitimate news. The real reason for the suppression of such matters and the utterly tame and unprofitable character of the Honolulu press, is that the vice of Honolulu has always been gossip. Gossip, scandal sometimes, is the mental dissipation of a place where mails are few and uncertain, and where their insular position prevents the inhabitants from having anything big to think about. The human mind must have food, and if there is nothing large and soul-filling to occupy it, tittle-tattle will take its place. There are certain fountainheads of information in Honolulu, and these gentlemen are actually jealous of the newspapers. To have a thing published makes it public property and destroys their occupation. These men, spinning yarns like grandams in the ingle-nook, are the worst enemies of the dissemination of news through proper and legitimate channels. They have fought the papers all along. It is only since annexation was accomplished that the Hawaiian press has ventured to stretch a timid hand from the swaddling-clothes wherein it has been almost smothered to death. The saving grace of the telegraph and the growth of party politics, with all its bitterness and strife, will be a tonic for Honolulu. It will make it a better and more wholesome place to live in. No longer will people go to band concerts solely to see if Mr. Somebody is talking to Mr. Somebody Else's wife. Reputations will be safer, for formerly Cæsar's wife or Hamlet's love, chaste as ice, could not escape calumny. If a tale was spicy, they were not even careful to keep

the original actors in the cast, but changed the characters as stage-managers shift their players. Such a state of affairs is not only uncomfortable for well-intentioned and well-behaved persons who are willing to submit to all reasonable demands of conventionality, but is, besides, exceedingly harmful to the colony of gossipers itself. No one knows when he is safe or liable to misconstruction, and the mind of the teller of tales grows smaller and more twisted and warped with each recital.

Besides its extraordinary sensitiveness to criticism, which is usually the sign of an uneasy conscience, the Hawaiian republic has distinguished itself for arbitrariness and injustice. Take, for instance, the form of government. The President of the republic was also Governor of Oahu and Mayor of Honolulu. There was no municipal government; and while this might have been forgiven in Honolulu, it could not be overlooked that there was no municipal government anywhere else. Centralization in its most extreme and objectionable form prevailed. The republic was really worse than the monarchy; for under the later kings there was at least a governor for each island. And, besides, the monarchy had few ideals, while the republic was violating every tradition of republicanism. It was simply wearing the robes of democracy, while it behaved in tyrannical fashion.

There is the case of Hilo, the second city in size in the islands, and a district of thirteen thousand inhabitants. Hilo has never been allowed a municipal government, nor even a recorder of deeds. It is more than two hundred miles from Honolulu. Every deed recorded must travel four hundred miles, and twenty days must be wasted. The consequence is that most of the deeds at

Hilo are unrecorded. To build a sidewalk or to pave a street, permission must be sought and an appropriation gained from the national legislature. Is it any wonder that Hilo welcomed annexation with open arms as a relief from tyranny, or that she has all the love for Honolulu that St. Louis bears Chicago or that Minneapolis claims from St. Paul? These things charged to republicanism make the blood boil. I sometimes think that the men who planned and executed the government of Hawaii must have been away from America so long that they had forgotten everything about Liberty except her name.

I have charged the late Hawaiian government with hypocrisy. The deeds that merit the name might amount to nothing in other climes, but when one considers the traditions and antecedents of this government, some of its acts are shocking. One glaring instance of this political immorality existed in Hawaii for years in the shape of a system of contract labor, with penal enforcement, which differed little from Southern slavery. They will tell you down there that this labor was necessary for the development of the island — that sugar could not be produced without it, and that without sugar the islands would never have been rich. And what they tell you is perfectly true. For sugar the contract-bound Chinese and Japanese were necessary, and for the commercial prosperity of the islands there must be sugar. I believe that the Southern owners of cotton plantations pleaded a similar necessity for almost a hundred years.

The contract laborer is a wage-slave. For a long time he had no name, being known only by a number, like a convict, until public opinion forced a change. His contract was penally enforced, and if he ran away he was

recaptured and brought back and forced to serve out his time. The only difference between this slavery and that of the South is that the Hawaiian slaves are paid a certain wage, and that the consuls look after the rights of their countrymen when abuses become too flagrant. There is, too, a suggestion of free-will in the fact that the Orientals are supposed to bind themselves willingly in their own countries. But there are on the island of Hawaii whole villages of fugitive laborers, hidden in inaccessible places in the mountains — camps whither other laborers flee, somewhat as they did to the Dismal Swamp.

It is something of a shock to the calloused Westerner to find a government almost entirely composed of the thin, cool New England blood — the blood of Phillips and of Garrison — so calmly determining that the labor the country needs must be given it. If the kings had done it, there would have been no surprise — they knew no better; but these political sons of priestly sires, who had overturned a government because they believed in the equality of all men — how could they reconcile it with their consciences? It seems almost as though in their anxiety to instruct the natives, the missionaries had forgotten to teach the Golden Rule to their own sons.

These crimes, O Industry! were committed in thy name, permitted by a government avowedly more religious than any other known — in a land where church-bells fill the air on Sundays, and business on the Lord's day is unknown. Yet a legislative bill to abolish the penal enforcement of labor contracts was quietly shelved a few months ago. There is one virtue the old Hawaiian legislature cannot bequeath as a legacy — that of consistency.

After annexation had become a fact, the republic of Hawaii dated back several labor contracts, under which a few hundred more laborers were brought into the country. There is something about this clinging to the letter of the law, without regard for its spirit, that would be ludicrous if it were not sad, considering that every member of the late government was of missionary extraction or a devoted and zealous worshiper at the big stone church around the corner.

Another case: The republic of Hawaii did a thing that only France has ever dared do — it licensed prostitution. This missionary government, these men of churchly traditions, had the courage to stand up and look the evil in the face, as they do in Paris. It takes the breath away — this sudden transition from Puritanism to Parisianism. The law is that the women of the half-world who are examined and registered according to its provisions, and who have paid the fees it prescribes, shall not be interfered with in the conduct and extension of their business. It is practically a legal recognition of the social evil. To cap the climax, the republic christened this legislation "the act to mitigate the evils of prostitution." In the islands the members of the government speak of it only as "the act to mitigate." It is a long time before strangers know what is meant by the misleading phrase. At first blush, it seems as though an act to mitigate must certainly be a wise and good thing, as anything that can be mitigated should be. When the full meaning and title of the law break on one for the first time, it is in the nature of a shock, and one closes the statute-book with a bang, the juxtaposition of sanctity and worldly wisdom is so startling.

To be consistent in their desire to "mitigate" evils, the Hawaiian government should have recognized that wherever there is a large Chinese population there will always be opium. It might have put a heavy import duty on the drug, and so regulated its entrance to the republic, simultaneously discouraging the crime of smuggling and reaping the financial benefit, instead of having the profit go to private parties, some of them of decided respectability, but still smugglers. But in this respect the Hawaiian republic stood firm. It would not lay a duty on opium — never. It was one of the chief grievances of the missionaries against Liliuokalani that she was said to be in favor of admitting opium. They could find it in their hearts to license prostitution, but never the importation of opium.

The same rule was applied to the selling of liquors. The making of native gin is prohibited, and it is exceedingly difficult to get a license for the selling of liquor, especially in the country. In Honolulu there are several saloons, but the government evidently did not think that these privileges should be extended to the rural districts. In Hilo one cannot have a glass of wine at table, but is escorted down a crooked passage to a room with drawn blinds, to have a glass of claret and water. The absolute prohibition of liquors, except in certain favored districts, is about as successful in the islands as it has been elsewhere.

For these reasons, and others in the same line, the death of the Hawaiian republic was unregretted save by its office-holders. They will regret it still more when the practical politician sails over from the main land and sets them an example of how local politics is done. But it is

doubtful if even these gentlemen, learned in ward politics, can teach the Hawaiian politician much about skillful manipulation, or can instruct him in the gentle art of how to leave large portions of the population unrepresented.

Surf Canoeing off Diamond Head.

CHAPTER IV

THE AMERICAN COLONY

THROUGH the years Honolulu has been far-famed for hospitality, and if its people are growing a little more cautious now, and do not fall upon the neck of every stranger as he comes down the gangplank, it is because the wings of their faith have been clipped and their hospitality sometimes abused. Nowadays a letter of introduction or two will facilitate the stranger's entrance to the very pleasant inner social circle of Honolulu, about which the rest of the place revolves. Every year, of course, the city becomes less provincial, and under American rule the change will unhappily be accelerated. Increased immigration must destroy, in a measure, the pleasant neighborly air, and Honolulu, like everything else, will have to pay the penalty of wealth and greatness.

The Americans in Honolulu are not like any other Americans in the tropics. One hears much of the enervating climate and sees its effects among the women, but the men are a busy, bustling lot, and show strongly their New England ancestry. The business day begins at eight o'clock and lasts until five, when the city's commerce suddenly runs down and stops with a bang. In Mexico, where it is infinitely cooler and more invigorating, everybody takes a siesta between twelve and two; but that is a Latin idea, and the Hawaiians by adoption

have never even thought of such a thing. Business is lively, and the streets are full of animation. Bicycles dart about, and there is a stock-board and other feverish importations. At eight o'clock the carriages come down the Waikiki road. They are the private conveyances of the gentlemen who live at this delightful suburb-by-the-sea. Their wives drive them, and after the head of the house has been dropped at his office, the lady driver goes to the market and makes her purchases for the day. Drivers for private carriages have scarcely obtained a foothold in Honolulu, and even wives of millionaires drive themselves. Sometimes the stableman is pressed into service, but liveries, except for the servants of legations, have scarcely been known. The Princess Kaiulani drives sometimes with a footman up behind, but this is an innovation which has won no popularity, and is hardly suited to this land. Kaiulani's footman, secure behind his mistress, bows to his friends as he passes them on the road to Waikiki, from which one can see that the idea of the impassive flunkey has not taken deep root in this land of smiles and glittering teeth.

The American women complain much of the climate and its enervating effects. The chief trouble with them is lack of exercise. They hate to walk, since exertion means perspiration, and the hack habit is at the root of their ill-health. To be sure, there are street-cars, but these run in three directions only, and are many minutes apart. Besides, the ban is laid upon them, and riding in them means social outlawry. They are patronized by natives, Orientals, and strangers. The visitor has an advantage in that. He may ride in these go-as-you-please conveyances, and plead ignorance of the social law. An

electric transportation company will some day bind all the suburbs to the city, and will add white patronage to the native. Unfortunately, the same company will probably erect its hideous poles over the Pali, and then one of the most beautiful views in the world will be destroyed.

The women of the wealthier classes, and even of the middle classes — for most of the Americans in the islands are well-to-do — give up their days to *dolce far niente*. It is a place of many servants, a fashion introduced by the English who came by way of India and Japan, where servants are plentiful as flies. The great numbers of Orientals fostered the custom, and now it is a necessity. People of the middle class who would have a maid-of-all-work at home, or two servants at the most, have four and five in the islands. Any modest establishment has its Japanese nurse, if there be a young child, and two, if there be several children. There is a cook, either Chinese or Japanese, and a waiter of the same nationality. Often the waitress is Japanese; and the picturesque figure, in its dainty kimono, the noiseless footfall, and the constant attention are pleasant in the extreme. An outside man is kept to look after the garden, the horses, and the bath-house.

Most of the house-servants are Orientals. The natives do not work for the whites to any great extent. Wealthy Hawaiian families have old retainers of their own blood, and Caucasian servants are seldom seen. Unskilled labor is almost entirely performed by the men of darker skin. With such a colony of dependents, one might expect wages to be low, but they are not. Few house-servants receive less than four dollars a week, and an average of sixteen dollars for four servants is not at all exorbitant.

The little serving colony lives in small detached buildings in the grounds, after the style of plantations in the Southern States. It is a pleasant, patriarchal mode of life, and the big baths of stone or marble, sunk in the grounds and screened by trees, with the shaded *lanais*, where meals are spread in dry weather and where the five o'clock tea-table gathers a crowd of guests, combine the pleasures of the Orient and the Occident.

It is well that the American colony is sufficient unto itself, inasmuch as diversions from the outside are few and far between. There are fragmentary theatrical performances, delightful dinners and luncheons, and sometimes small house-dances. Card-parties are not in much favor. The mosquitoes are such a plague, especially after nightfall, that it would require a philosopher to keep his mind on a whist game and pursue these blood-drinking pests at the same time.

I always wonder when I hear the hackneyed phrase, "Paradise of the Pacific," if the speaker has ever been to Hawaii. It may well have been a paradise before the mosquitoes came — imported, like all the bad things. But now they make living one long struggle. They are clever mosquitoes, and they have divided the twenty-four hours into day and night watches. Those that skirmish by daylight are bad enough, but their fellows of the evening are infinitely worse. They serenade gently, bite unmercifully, and go away only to pilot countless millions of their kind through some private entrance to your "mosquito-proof" room. The only remedies that prevail against them are so ill-smelling that the mosquitoes are preferable.

Dinner in Honolulu is not at all like dinner on the

mainland. The only thing conventional about it is the dress. After all the guests are announced and before dinner is served, a servant, or perhaps the hostess, passes about the drawing-room, her arms full of *leis*, which are long garlands of stemless flowers, strung on threads and ready to be knotted at the back of the neck in fragrant wreaths. Each guest chooses a garland suited to toilette or complexion. Invitations to a dinner are always invitations to attend a *luau*, and the modern feast is modeled after the old ones at which the Hawaiians, from king to lowest peasant, made merry.

The tables are almost entirely covered with ferns and garlands of *maile*, the fragrant vine that is the Hawaiian smilax. *Leis* of waxen *pomeria*, of bright golden *ilimas*, and of carnations, red, pink, and white, are laid among the green. Calabashes of polished cocoanut-shells, small gourds, or wooden bowls of the brilliantly polished *koa*, are at each place, for *poi*, generally the prized pink *poi*, is served at all these ceremonious affairs. Other dishes are served in courses much as they would be at home, except that baked *taro* is among the vegetables, the delightful alligator-pear is probably the salad, the fish is steamed in *ti*-leaves and served in its leafy covering, and there is an abundance of island fruit. The wines are all imported. Beer is very generally drunk in Honolulu, and the natives are particularly fond of it. The government has prohibited the manufacture of native gin, and beer has almost usurped its place in the affection of the common people. Imported gin is drunk by the natives, to their own great detriment, and gin cocktails are served in American homes more frequently than anything else. At all modern *luaus* there are tables and chairs. The old days,

when the merrymakers sat on mats and the viands were served on the floor, are past. Even at Liliuokalani's *luaus*, the guests sit on chairs and eat from tables, and the common calabash has taken a fine new satin finish, and is full of photographs in the best room. The *luau* has been Americanized. Only once in the island of Hawaii did I see a native *luau* of pristine simplicity. The feast was in honor of an American whose unfailing kindness to the natives has won him a wide regard. Everything was primitive as possible, and the *poi* in the great *koa* calabash was common property. There was *mullet* steamed in *ti*-leaves; *ahi*, dried fish; *ina*, a seaweed condiment; *olope*, oysters; *aki*, liver; *hoolua*, roast pork that had been cooking for a day and a night; and *kalua*, pork that had been roasted for an hour or two All this was put on the table at once. I fear that I enjoyed the fruit and the soft, green cocoanuts scooped out of the shell with a spoon, more than I did the elaborate "made dishes." One must go a long way from Honolulu to find such a feast. In the city they are always spoiled by some significant intrusion of the new.

The wealthy Hawaiian often gives a *hula* in honor of some noted visitor. People of standing attend these affairs, though the *hula* is frowned upon by the American women whose word is the *cachet* to the best Honolulu society. American men visitors are not ostracized for going to these native ballets, but American women cannot afford to do it, so rigorously is the dance condemned in the best American circles. The Hawaiians, however, have their own standards. It was not a week after the raising of the American flag, that the heart-broken Kaiulani was at a *hula* given by a prominent Hawaiian

lady. The *hula*-dancers wore skirts and anklets only. From the waist up their bodies were bare, except for the *leis* of *maile*, and the ill-smelling *ylang-ylang* that they wore. American men were there, and the Princess, for all her English schooling, seemed to think nothing of it. That is where comes in the wide difference between the civilizations. The Princess went and applauded, and thought no harm. It is the old non-moral idea.

The government has tried very hard to abolish *hula* dancing. *Hulas*, in the altogether, are expressly forbidden, and the law is enforced; but I am told that American men, passing through Honolulu on their way to the East, are often edified with one of the dances as they were in Kalakaua's time. On steamer nights the sound of the calabash, beaten as a drum, comes faintly from distant places in the direction of Waikiki, and also from the crooked, crowded section of the town. Thus a moral nation helps to lift a non-moral one to higher things.

On moonlight nights most delightful bathing-parties are given at the villas of Waikiki. The great amusement is not so much dipping in the surf, though every one swims like a fish, but canoeing. Many people have their own canoes, and there are boats to be hired, with natives to guide them. The canoes are built on the old Hawaiian model, which could not well be improved upon. Each one is hollowed from a single trunk, and I have skimmed the surf in a canoe in which the great Kamehameha himself went a-voyaging. There is an outrigger of heavy wood to give steadiness, and the paddles are huge, flat wooden spoons. There are usually two natives to paddle and one to steer, though some of the Americans

who live by the water have learned the difficult art of steering. It is a most delightful sport, though timid people do not enjoy it. It has in it that spice of danger which charms. The canoe-riders all wear bathing-suits, for it is as wet inside the boat as outside. Unless the canoe is extraordinarily large, not more than two passengers who do not work can be carried. As a consequence, some of the ladies at Waikiki have learned to be expert oarswomen.

The canoe is pushed off from the shelving shore and paddled out toward the reef, over which the tide rolls in big breakers, the bigger the better. Too much wind blowing off shore spoils the sport, as it prevents the canoe from attaining sufficient momentum. All hands paddle going out, and presently, about a quarter of a mile from shore, the rowers turn the canoe, and wait for a huge roller. Sometimes when the surf runs high, even the outward-going is exciting. The canoe goes over big incoming breakers, and drops squarely down to the level water with something of the shock of the chutes. Two or three rollers may pass the canoe before one is selected. It is chosen far out, and the helmsman gives the signal, "*Hoi! hoi!*" which means to paddle like mad The rowers bend to the paddles, and the firm, quick strokes, send the canoe bounding forward while the motion thrills the bark as the wind thrilled it long ago, when it was a young tree in the forest. All this effort is to give the boat sufficient momentum to keep up with the wave when the latter shall have finally caught up with its freight. If the boat is not going fast enough, the breaker overwhelms it and passes on, leaving the canoe swamped and half-full of water, or, perhaps, capsizing it in spite of the

outrigger. To be in a careening boat with a heavy outrigger that has a way of knocking innocent people on the head is not agreeable, nor is it fun to have to swim in with the waterlogged canoe, sometimes a task of several hours. Those who cannot swim must sit in the canoe and add their weight to that of the water. But if the canoe is going fast enough, none of these disagreeable contingencies occur. The wave, fresh from its victorious fight with the reef, rises behind in a great green translucent wall, curling white at the top, as though to show its teeth. From far below it, you look up into it fascinated. There is a moment of breathless suspense, and then the canoe is lifted up and flung forward with incredible speed. It is like sliding downhill over water instead of land, and there is all the fancied pleasure of drowning with none of its pangs. It is one long toboggan to the shore. Once or twice, if the paddlers with their wonderfully sympathetic water-sense feel the boat slackening, they give a vigorous push or two and the canoe is again coasting down the wave. In front, where the canoe cuts the water, a blinding sheet of spray is thrown upward and backward, and the two cowcatcher seats are all afloat. But the steersman has no sinecure. With his paddle he must guide this long canoe, which is not an easy task, considering that the wave has several motions, and does not travel in a straight line. If he feels a rotary motion inside the circling water, he must correct it with his paddle. He is obliged to shift the paddle from side to side of the boat, and he must do it with swiftness and certainty. A second's indecision on his part would capsize the canoe. Often he clutches his paddle with both hands and bends all his weight to keep the canoe from

swerving in this maelstrom of waters. Sometimes the rowers, feeling that the wave is too strong for the single paddle, lend their oars to counteract the oblique motion of the water.

Borne on irresistibly, the canoe is carried to the shore, and then the paddlers bend to their task once more, and the exhilarating run is made over again. The enjoyment is heightened when there are three or four canoes out, all in experienced hands. They race on every incoming wave, and as the wave does not run at the same speed in all places, there is a fair chance for one canoe to shoot in ahead of the others. If the wave dies out at one point, or if one of the canoes is left in the rear, a derisive shout goes up from the rest. This is sea-racing in a new form, with nature to do the work.

You can have anything you want in Hawaii, and if you live in an equable land of perpetual summer it is your own fault. You can take your choice of simmering by the seashore, where it is always June, or you can climb a mountain and meet vigorous December. These mountain pilgrimages are growing in favor. At present there is but one hotel at any considerable altitude, but in time there will be mountain hostelries for those who love frost. Even winter is within reach in this most indulgent land.

Sometimes a drive is planned to the Pali, or a coaching party goes around the cool precipice and down to one of the country places on the windward side of Oahu. House-parties are given at country places, with pig-hunting or wild-goat or dove shooting for diversion. There are yachts and excellent sailing, and exciting shark hunts at times. All things are practicable in the open

air. Houses are built with verandas, closed on three sides. The fourth side is open, with Japanese shades to keep out wind or sun. The constant trade-winds come to cool the *lanais*, and the life there is very pleasant. The *lanai* is sometimes an arbor, separated from the house and covered with the *hau*-tree, which has broad leaves and gives as good shelter as a grape-vine.

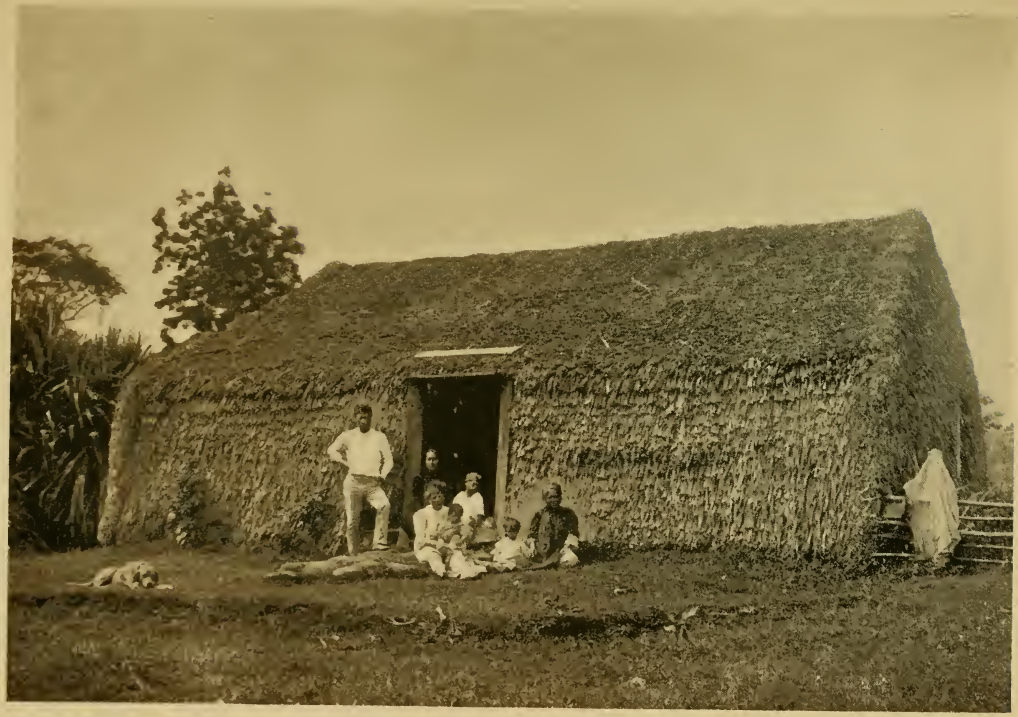
Perhaps it is the open *lanai* life that makes the popular interest in every one's affairs so great. From the house with the tin lions to the aisle of royal palms with their green foliage and gray stems, all secrets are common property. Who went to the last *hula*, and who drank too much at the *luau*, are matters of common concern. A cable and the big affairs of the world to occupy mind and eye and active tongue will make the social life of Honolulu and Waikiki, that dream city by the sea, even more delightful than it is now.

CHAPTER V

NATIVE LIVING

THERE are not left in Honolulu a half-dozen grass houses, and those that remain are mere curiosities on rich men's grounds. One charming relic on the Macfarlane place, at Waikiki, has a history, and one on the grounds of Minister Damon, at Moana Lua, is furnished in the old fashion. They are oblong, steep-roofed dwellings, and their interiors show that the Hawaiians were sybaritic savages, and knew what comfort was. Fine braided mats, soft as meadow-grass, make the carpets. One half the room is a raised platform, and over a layer of rushes are many mattings of *pandanus* leaves and grass. This was the bed, a soft and luxurious couch, big enough for a dozen persons. There are massive seats of cocoanut stumps, ancient spears, carved of wood and tipped with bone, an old piece of furniture from a *heiau*, which looks like a chopping-block, and has horrid associations, being stained with blood and time.

I asked mournfully where all the brown huts of the story-books, that clustered so prettily under the palms and melted so charmingly into the landscape, had gone, and was told that the grass grew no more, but that is a fiction. In truth, the grass house cost a deal of labor. There were many ceremonies connected with its inception, and the work of thatching the straw, to make it



The Disappearing Primeval Dwelling.

impervious against the persistent floods that alone mark the Hawaiian winter, was a labor of many hands for many days. With the white man came many deadly pests. Foreign ships brought mosquitoes as well as centipedes and scorpions. The native does not mind the mosquito, and the mosquito does not find the native toothsome; but the scorpions and centipedes are no respecters of person, and would as lief sting a brown heel as a white one. The floorless grass houses were admirable hiding-places, and cozy breeding-grounds for insects, and the fact had much to do with their abandonment. The natives, who recover easily from trouble and losses, settled quite comfortably into houses of frame, with roofs of corrugated iron. The newer dwellings are not beautiful, but they are more comfortable than houses on the ground, damp in the winter floods, infested with creeping things, and so inflammable that they went up like rockets at the first touch of a match.

The old hillside *kuleanas*, where the natives used to live, and which they were free to leave if they wished to enter the service of another chief, are mostly abandoned now, and the grass houses that stood within the inclosures, have returned to the earth from which they came, or were burned down long ago. Only on the picturesque lee shore of the island of Hawaii does the grass house still nestle under the palms. Even here, where tradition is most tenacious, they are not rebuilt. When one goes up in smoke, the house that replaces it is a claptrap of boards and iron. Like the hoary cocoanut-groves, the grass house is doomed. Few people know that the cocoanut-groves are rapidly passing. When the process of extinction shall have been completed, one of the most

beautiful and picturesque features of the island landscape will have been obliterated. Lately, awakened to the rapid diminution of the coco-palm, and its wanton destruction, the islanders have begun to plant new groves, but it will be a hundred years before these can replace the old. The cocoanuts are exceedingly slow of growth, and the present trees were as tall as they are now when the grandfathers and great-grandfathers of the natives of to-day were alive. The oldest men of the villages will tell you that they have it from their grandfathers that these trees were waving their high tops in the wind when they were boys. Without the grass house and the garments of *kapa*, it is but half Hawaii; with the cocoanuts gone, it would not be Hawaii at all.

Inside, the little frame houses are quite comfortable. The natives are surprisingly clean. In a country where it showers every day, where clothes are few and baths frequent, there is no excuse for dirt. But these natives are so much cleaner than the people of our own slums that we, who came to patronize, remain to pattern. The Hawaiians wear no superfluous clothing, and their cotton garments are always immaculate, though their feet are sometimes bare and often dusty.

Only the lowest class goes unshod. The *lei*-women on the street go barefooted. It is evidently considered a reflection on social standing, and every one aims to be shod. As far as beauty goes, the slender brown feet need no covering. Their feet are well formed, and civilization's shoes have not been worn long enough to deform them. The Kanakas walk with a swinging stride that tells of long years of perfect freedom. Their straight backs are a legacy from generations who sat on the floor.

The women, in particular, have a walk that marks them the whole world over. There is a swing of hip and shoulder that is unique and inimitable. A stately Hawaiian *wahine* in a loose *holoku*, swinging down the street and managing to extract a considerable amount of grace and dignity from her stiff and rustling garment, is indeed a wonder.

Racially, the Hawaiians are closely connected with the Samoans and the aborigines of New Zealand, and there are many affinities of language, religion, and legend that connect them. There are striking physical resemblances, as well as these spiritual ones. There are old tales, histories intoned, which tell of long voyages by sea, and it is supposed that many centuries ago there was a chain of small islands between Hawaii and the archipelagoes of the South Seas, by which the navigators were guided. With the disappearance of these sea-marks, the bold voyages were discontinued, and race differences, engendered by climate and situation, began to appear.

The full-blooded Hawaiians, now becoming so scarce that it is difficult to study the type, are distinguished by that slight overfullness of the lips and broadening of the nose characteristic of the Polynesian peoples. The skin is brown, but not much darker than that of a Spaniard, and not nearly as dark as the Mexican — never dark enough to be mistaken for Ethiopian. It shows the grossest ignorance when the Hawaiians are called "niggers," as they sometimes are. The effect of the constant sunshine is to make all brunette skins much darker. In a few generations, white men, transplanted to the islands and not allowed to leave them, would be quite as dark as the natives themselves. I recall, in particular, the case

of a handsome young woman of English parentage, who was born in the islands less than thirty years ago, and who has never been away from them. Though naturally fair, with blue eyes and dark hair, she is so dark that she is frequently mistaken for a half-white. Americans should be chary how they apply terms of contempt to the natives. Their own descendants in the islands may be quite as dark. Heretofore the color-line has not been drawn in the islands. It will be one of the most grievous consequences flowing from annexation if it is to be drawn in the future. Already the natives are sensitive about the matter as never before.

In years gone by, when the first white men came to the islands, and the land was under the rule of the dusky princes of the sovereign race, there could be no question of color. If there was any color-line at all, the brown man was above the salt and the paleface below. In those days, the most stiff-backed republican was glad to bow the knee — anything to be allowed to live in this land where much money was to be made. When the white men took the government, the change was slight. Too many white men had married native women, and the blood was too thoroughly mixed for immediate reprisals. Many of the best foreign families of the islands are intermarried with natives, and one has only to see the graceful, handsome Hawaiian women and to meet them in their homes to understand their charm. Many of the native families were rich in lands, and had social prestige and power. They were learned in matters of precedence, and the Hawaiian-born Americans are sticklers for precedent. For instance, President Dole, on his official trip to America, had with him as factotum and aide a man who

went with Queen Kapiolani and Princess Liliuokalani to the Victorian Jubilee. He was not sure of the President's name, and registered him as "Sandford B. Dole," instead of "Sanford B. Dole," but he is considered the most eminent authority in court etiquette and state procedure on the islands.

It is amusing to go to the native church at Honolulu and be seated apart from the congregation, in a raised section at the back of the house. Other Americans are put in this same reserved space, and as the congregation files out one is inspected, respectfully but critically. It is a new experience for the lordly white and a salutary one. We are not used to having the color-line drawn in that way. I wished that some of my friends who say "nigger," and decline to sit at table with a colored man, or next a Chinese in the train, might have been there.

Perhaps it is this feeling of equality that gives the Hawaiians their dashing air. It will be a great pity if annexation or restrictions on the franchise combine to set these people off from their neighbors. It would be grave injustice to the half-whites who are educated, refined, and handsome — much the best half-castes I have ever seen. They have not the vicious or indolent qualities which usually distinguish the cross in the blood. They have not developed the weaknesses of both parents, as is too often the case in other countries. Instead, they are big and fine-looking, industrious, clever, and more prolific than the native Hawaiians. They bid fair to last. It is an odd thing that the least admixture of blood turns the heavy black hair of the Hawaiian, which is naturally straight, into curls and kinks. It does not seem to matter what the cross is. The Gilbert Islanders, who came

to Hawaii in considerable numbers, have curly hair, and some observers attempt to account for the phenomena in that way, but it is odd that the children of Chinese and Hawaiian parents have curly hair that could come from neither side of the house. Another peculiarity of the Hawaiian-Chinese children is their light color. Strangely enough, the Oriental-Polynesian mixture produces a fairer skin than the admixture of Polynesian and Caucasian blood. Such queer pranks Nature plays!

The Hawaiian women who have married Americans are extremely jealous of their prerogatives, and their husbands are jealous of them as well. New settlers will perhaps be squeamish as to differences of birth for a little while, but they will soon find that these women are as well-born, well-bred, and well-educated as themselves, and the prejudice must wear away as the dark skin becomes an old story.

The real danger to the Hawaiian race lies in quite another direction. The Hawaiians are threatened with extinction on two sides. The upper-class women seldom marry men of their own blood, but almost always whites. The lower-class women become the wives of Chinese. Thus the purity of blood is threatened in two directions. Even the ruling family was not of pure strain. The chiefs were so superior to the common people in size, and so much handsomer, that it seemed as if they must be of a different race. Away back in the misty years of their sagas, it is related how strange vessels were wrecked on their coasts. From the descriptions of the shipwrecked survivors, and from ships that went astray and were never heard from, historians conjecture that the wrecks were of Japanese junks and Spanish ships, blown out

of their courses. The survivors intermarried with the families of chiefs, and became the progenitors of a light-colored race.

The popularity of the Chinese as husbands is due to the fact that they are excellent providers, which the native Hawaiians are not. Since there are no penalties attached, these marriages are freely made. The only trouble is that the Chinese husbands who become wealthy have an unpleasant way of going home to China to die, abandoning their Hawaiian families for the sake of their Cantonese wives and their Cantonese ancestors. But as the Chinese husband usually leaves his island family well provided for, and as Hawaiian wives, like many in more cultured lands, are sometimes mercenary, it does not matter particularly. There has never been the slightest prejudice in the islands against admixtures of Chinese blood. If the family have money enough and demean itself well, it is not asked whether the head of the house wore queue or *malo*. There is the well-known and somewhat hackneyed case of the Honolulu family whose progenitor was a Chinese, and whose portrait, in a celestial blouse, is the most prominent ornament of the drawing-room where young Caucasians with shoulder-straps go to pay court to the charming and amiable daughters of this somewhat mixed house. Other examples of this social tolerance are found at Hilo, where many of the "first families" have the Chinese tang in the blood. Occasionally a child occurs with an almond eye and eyelids inclined to pucker at the scanty corners, but ordinarily the children look like other people, and are received wholly on their merits and bank accounts.

Clothing and gin well-nigh proved fatal to the natives.

They succumb easily to pulmonary diseases, but are fairly hardy and long-lived. Their small families and high death-rate are the direct cause of the decline in the native population. The natives are much more industrious than we give them credit for. Nearly all of them work. They cultivate *taro*, they clerk in stores, they fish, they row boats, and they guide canoes through the surf for the pleasure of visitors to the islands. I recollect but one Hawaiian beggar in all Honolulu, and he was a blind man who had been a court official. He played the jew's-harp excruciatingly. To give him alms was a real pleasure; for while he stopped playing to put the coin away one might get out of hearing. One beggar in a city of thirty thousand people, struck me as a real tribute to a lazy population.

The industry of the natives is largely a habit contracted from the whites. In the old days amusement was the thing and work was only secondary. The *taro*-patches yielded abundantly, a field of forty square feet supporting a family of six. But after the *taro* was dug, nobody thought of planting more until the stock was exhausted. With the delightful hospitality that prevailed among the natives, the family visited some of its neighbors until the *taro* had grown again. The children ate wherever they happened to be, and the easy-going parents never even counted their broods at night to see if all were at home. But American methods put a stop to all this Arcadian vagabondage. The native found himself caught up in civilization's big wheel, which goes ever faster and faster, and now he works from early morning to late at night, with little time for his swimming and sporting in the surf, and less time for flower-weaving and the feasts and jollity

that he loves. Native boat-crews work until the perspiration flows down their faces, rowing the heavy canoes through the surf at the many landings. They are at it early and late, at a wage of a dollar a day, and even then they are so generous that they invite all the steerage passengers who are without provisions to share with them their rations of fish and *poi*, until frequently their store gives out before the end of the voyage, and they must do their hard work on empty stomachs.

And the extreme cheerfulness with which they do their work! Life for them is seasoned with smiles. My boatman, Picoi, bending his fine brown back and straining his marvelous arms that I may have the joy of riding down hill on a breaker, smiles through the sweat that drips in his eyes because I call him, "Picoi, good boy." He is a revelation of willing service.

To Caucasian eyes the beauty of the Hawaiian people is marred by their tendency to lay on flesh. The stayless women are shapeless heaps of fat, and the men are not much better, except that exercise keeps them in somewhat better form. But I doubt if such a tendency to rotundity would be found in any but a cheerful people. They laugh at their work, and they laugh at their play. A Cassius face is never seen among them. Everybody is round as a pudding, and every face dimples with smiles like the bay in a breeze. They are courteous, affable, and kindly—polite even to those whom they hate politically, and too good-natured to harbor resentment long. They are so amiable that their jails are empty. There are few malefactors, and the native policemen have nothing to do but to grow plump. An occasional arrest is made, but rarely for anything more serious than

disturbing the peace or fast driving. The Hawaiians are reckless reinsmen, dashing around corners at breakneck speed. Moreover, they drink more than is good for them, and then celebrate on the street. But murder is almost unknown, and stealing entirely so. The white residents of Honolulu never locked their doors until the American soldiery arrived. You may leave money in full view of a Hawaiian — even a poor one, whose necessities in other countries would be taken as excuse — and it will not be touched.

Nothing is more indicative of the character of these good-natured, overgrown children than their fondness for flattery and the sugared things of life. They cannot endure criticism, and they will not love their critic, no matter how close their interests are to his heart. This quality accounts largely for their mistakes in government. They would not listen to their friends, and they believed their flatterers implicitly.

They are naturally a religious people, and not nearly as superstitious as they are represented to be. They are said to believe in ghosts, but I note that they live nearer the graves of their dead than we care to do. Once they believed that the air was inhabited by unseen things, but so did our ancestors at a time so recent that we cannot afford to accuse the Hawaiians of superstition on this account.

The Hawaiians are naturally credulous as well, and so it happened that they were converted *en masse*, and built churches as uncomplainingly as they had fashioned their heathen temples. They were used to being ordered about. When the churches were finished they filled them — a simple, devout, loving people, silhouetting the

white walls with a myriad of dark faces. But when their government was taken from them, resentment burned fiercely behind the placid brown faces. Many of the natives deserted the Protestant churches and went to the Catholics and the Mormons. The Mormon church has a large following in the islands, and almost all its members are natives.

The Hawaiians cling to their simple living. Their wants are few, and the unhappy complexity of civilization has not yet mastered them. Inside their neatly kept houses you will find good furniture — carved four-post *koa* beds that an antiquary would envy — heirlooms in *poi*-bowls of hard wood, feather *kahilis*, if the family had any connection with a chief by blood or service, and perhaps a rare piece of *kapa*, instead of a counterpane. The *kapa* and the *poi* calabashes are becoming rare. Good prices are obtainable for both articles, and the natives are learning that porcelain is cheaper than *poi*-bowls and coverlids than *kapa*. And so, as with the peasantry of other countries, the choice old things are disappearing from the cottages.

Their menu is simpler yet. The main dishes are still, as they have been for centuries, fish and *poi*. Fish is plentiful, and the native likes it in any style. He likes it raw, and even alive, and it is a curious sight to see him eat live shrimps on the coast of Hawaii. He likes his fish wrapped in big, cool *ti*-leaves, and steamed in an underground oven. He likes it salted, and he likes it particularly with *poi*, which is his staple, taking the place of both bread and potatoes. It is pure starch, and to the enormous consumption of it is due, no doubt, much of the native rotundity. *Poi* is hard to prepare, and the

liking for it is a cultivated taste, which most of the white residents of the islands have acquired. It goes with the climate, and suits it so well that doctors recommend it as a sovereign cure for dyspepsia, and *poi* flour is even exported to this country, to be used for dyspepsia. Newcomers take to *poi* most kindly when mixed with milk in a gruel-like concoction, misleadingly called a *poi* cocktail.

The preparation of *poi* has fallen on evil days. In Honolulu it is made by Chinese almost exclusively. Much of it is pounded by machinery, and it is only in remote country districts that one may see the *taro*-beaters with stone trough and pestle, pounding the tough root which is their staple of life. The tenderfoot is told by his friends of longer residence to see *poi* made once and he will never care to taste it. But it is not true. Most of the Chinese who pound *poi* by hand at the sign of the white flag are exceedingly clean. It is hard work, and blouses are cut away until there is scarcely anything left of them, displaying backs and chests that are networks of muscle, laced under a tea-rose skin. The drops of perspiration that trickle in little streams, are wiped away with towels, and the pestle is occasionally dipped in a bucket of clean water. The *taro* is a light lilac in color, and obstinate as molasses candy. The pestle falls with a monotonous clangor like a new anvil-chorus. When served at table, *poi* is a light lavender. Pink *poi* is called royal *poi*, and is prepared from the *taro* of certain localities. It used to be eaten with the fingers, but the imitative natives now twist it dextrously around forks, and only the newcomer, anxious to show his conformity, dips in the unaccustomed finger.

All *poi* is allowed to ferment slightly before it is eaten, and iconoclasts say that it tastes like sour bill-sticker's paste, which is a libel. It seems to me that *poi* is almost tasteless, and makes a good background for a meal. This universal vegetable takes the place of all cereals, vegetables, and fruits to the Hawaiians. They care little for the island fruits, and eat less of bananas and pineapples than one would expect. They are fond of cocoanut-milk, but mangoes and guavas are almost untouched by them. Most delicious strawberry-guavas grow wild near Hilo, but the natives do not even take the trouble to gather them, and our native hackman laughed inordinately when we asked him to get some for us.

I dined one night with the family of a Kanaka boatman — the same handsome fellow who stands at the water-steps that reminds you of Venice, and whose strong arms will ferry you all around the bay in less time than it takes to write it. I was invited to come any time, but he expected that I would give him notice, and the family was dreadfully embarrassed when I dropped in unannounced.

But I did not want an American dinner of fried steak and potatoes. I wanted to partake of the usual family dinner, and I had to keep my eye on half a dozen children at once, to see that none of them was sent out to procure foreign elements for the feast. Presently dinner was served, and the shy Hawaiian wife apologized for the humble fare. But it was very nice — *poi* in a huge common bowl, as it used to be when the gregarious natives ate from the same dish and wore each other's clothes, and when leprosy spread unchecked in the land.

There was also roasted *taro*—a gray vegetable, cooked in *ti*-leaves in the *umu*, or underground oven, and tasting something like sweet potato. The fish was dried and salty, but it went excellently with the *poi*. There was also a condiment of seaweed. For dessert was the national Hawaiian sweet, a pudding composed of grated *taro* and cocoanut-milk. It was a simple feast, but offered with great hospitality, and there was genuine pleasure after the first embarrassment had worn away. My host talked politics with an understanding of his subject possessed by few Americans of corresponding station. After dinner I was shown his pardon, signed by the President of Hawaii, and sealed with the great seal. It granted amnesty to my friend for his part in one of the opera-bouffe revolutions and restored him to a citizenship that he would not accept.

From this humble peasantry up to the ex-queen there is a wide diversity of living. Liliuokalani has money, and keeps quite a retinue within her beautiful grounds at Washington Place. This house is her private residence, coming to her from her husband. It is a big fine building, in the old Southern plantation style, with a veranda all around, and pillars that suggest the White House. Inside is a wide vestibule that runs frankly to the kitchen, with square, rather plain rooms at either side. They are sparsely finished, except for the big feathered *kahilis* which shadow the corners. These *kahilis* are immense fly-brushes, mounted on hard wood, often inlaid with pearl or ivory. They are doubtless the legitimate descendants of the fly-brushes with which retainers used to fan sovereigns in years gone by. No one but a chief is entitled to have them, though you will find stolen

trophies boldly set out in several drawing-rooms where they have no lawful place.

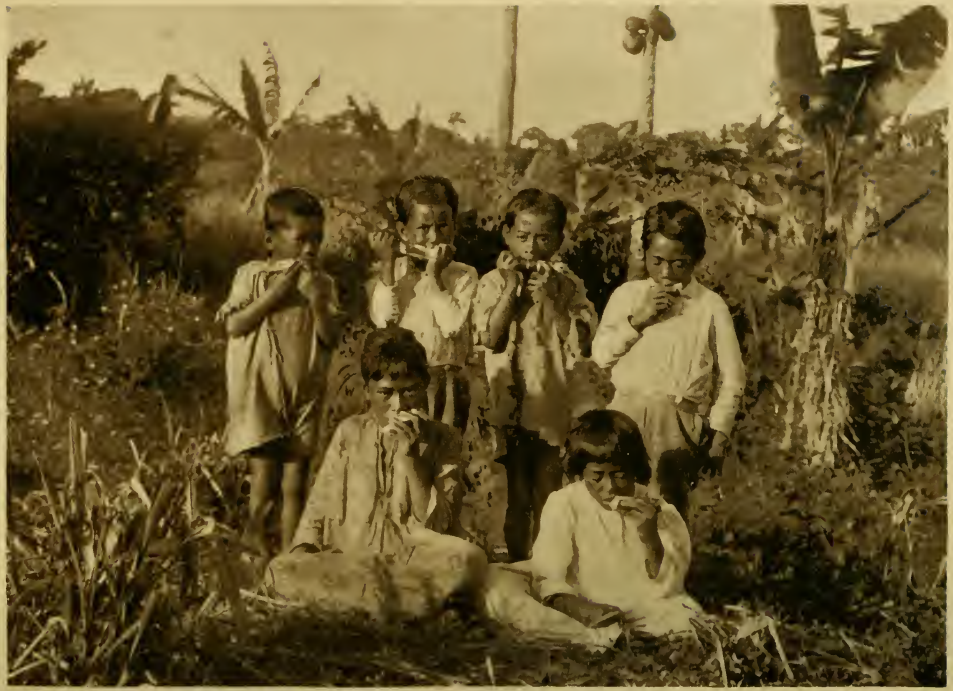
Ordinarily the queen dines alone, fanned by white *kahilis*, wielded by pretty native girls. Her tastes are simple, and have not been changed by travel or years of exile. She is still an ardent lover of *poi* and of fish *au naturel*, and she drinks cocoanut-milk dextrously from the shell. She is the only person I have seen who can eat a mango gracefully. The queen still wears the national *holoku* with extreme grace. She has a good figure, and of late years an increasing slimness has much improved her. Even more than any other woman in the islands, she has the upright carriage of the head and the sweep of the shoulders that make of each Hawaiian woman a very queen. She is exceedingly gracious to Americans, but with her former subjects she maintains that reserve which is a royal prerogative.

The menage of Princess Kaiulani at Ainahau (cool place), on the road to Waikiki, is much more Americanized. She clings outwardly to Hawaiian customs, and seldom appears without a royal *lei* of *oo* feathers, but her household is Caucasian. Her ladies-in-waiting are not Hawaiian, and her thoughts and tastes run in new lines. Her drawing-room is entirely modern, with its photographs and *fauteuils*, and might be in Belgravia or Fifth Avenue. The feather *kahilis* that adorn the corners are the only reminders of barbaric royalty. Certainly there is nothing in the aquiline features of Kaiulani to suggest her broad-nosed ancestry. Had she ascended her ancestral throne, the old arguments against island royalty would have had to be shelved and a new set devised. This refined and gently bred girl is a model of the feminine

graces and proprieties. Only a royal temper and a will of her own that brooks no contradiction have descended to this daughter of fiery chiefs.

It is a far cry from Kalakaua, with his houses of revelry and his seraglio of *hula*-dancers and *lomi-lomi* women, to this delicately sublimated niece of his. The question of Hawaiian morality is still a hotly disputed one. There are Americans in Honolulu who declare to you that the Hawaiian women are without chastity, and they point triumphantly to the fact that there is no word in their language to express this virtue.

And there are other equally reputable American men — husbands of Hawaiian wives — before whom these critics would not dare to make this remark. The truth lies somewhere between the extremes. The Polynesian's ideal of morality is far below the Caucasian's. His practice is about the same.



It's the Little Kanaka That Spoils the Cane.

CHAPTER VI

THE TRANSPLANTED ORIENTAL

PLANTATION life in Hawaii, once the real heart of it is reached, is like life in the South before 1861. Everybody is welcome to see the surface, but few strangers look below. It is patriarchal in a way. There is a big house, where the high-salaried manager lives, with wide verandas and a delightful hospitality, and a little army of soft-footed attendants. When it spreads along the country-side that the plantation has a visitor, quartets of good-looking boys, with sweet native instruments, come to serenade and to sing the liquid words and deathly sweet tunes of their nativity. Inside the cool and softly-lighted house is an office where a big case of guns, always oiled, always loaded, leans against the wall. It is the watchful preparation against possible riot and murder, but the visitor is not expected to know or to notice. Nevertheless, when you hear a sound in the night on the veranda, or when the rising moon, caught in the mango branches, gives the effect of a village on fire, you remember those guns with a shudder.

By day you are taken for a horseback-ride in the upland cane, over slippery paths to the highlands, where the tall cane thrusts out tremulous arms as you pass. You hear how many tons each acre yields, and sometimes you draw in your breath sharply when you hear — it is

such a prodigal nature. Perhaps you go to the mill and see the cane rushing to its death down the water-flume. Mangled, stripped, bleeding, the great canes hurry along, urged by the resistless force of the water beneath. At the mill is a cascade, and here the canes fall in a heaving heap, their jagged ends tangled and protruding, like splintered timbers after a railroad wreck. You go inside and are conducted from department to department, watching the cane in its progress from a crushed, hopeless mass, through the black, syrupy stages, to the purification of this sticky, viscous, ill-smelling mud, when it emerges in the form of pale golden, delightfully clean and deliciously flavored sugar, sewn into a great bag with two alert ears, by a little Japanese woman in a *holoku*. The machinery is all tended by Japanese, too — and you are brought vividly face to face with what the Oriental has done in the islands. Voteless these people may be, treated as animals and dumb under oppression, but without their active, lean, brown hands, I doubt if we would have considered the islands worth annexing.

Perhaps the manager will take you through the laborers' villages, though he will not encourage your desire for sociological exploration. The Japanese huts are probably nearest to the plantation-house; for the Japanese are quick to pick up the ways of Occidental civilization, and the managers like to have them under their own eyes, where they can watch them the closer. The Chinese village is often far up a hillside, perhaps a mile or two from the manager's house. The coolies are usually so quiet and well-behaved that they can be safely trusted.

The villages are commonplace enough — rows and rows of houses all alike, so that there can be no quarrel

as to domicile. There are few comforts, but the houses are as good as Hawaiian houses of the lower class. There is a hot little veranda for each, but as laborers are obliged to put in ten hours a day, there is little chance to sit on them. Near by is the plantation store, where the laborers are compelled to buy, and where prices, I regret to say, are usually far too high. Through this store much of the wage of the laborers goes back to the plantation.

Once watch the laborers going to work in the tepid early morning, and you will be more reminded of the sunny southland than before, with sugar substituted for cotton and yellow men for black. The scenes at plantations which are near Honolulu are not at all those of plantations that are remote. Public opinion counts for something even in Hawaii. On some plantations regarded as models, white *lunas* (overseers) drive the laborers to the field with blacksnakes, and laborers have been kicked to death in some sugar-fields. No doubt many of the deported laborers are little better than criminals. The scourings of the streets, the roughs of Hongkong and Canton, sometimes compose a shipload. There have been dangerous riots and battles, with picks and shovels and clubs, or whatever else happened to be handy. The *lunas* are often drinking men, cross and surly. They have almost absolute power over their gangs of men, and, worse still, over the women, too. There have been bitter complaints from some of the remote plantations, especially in the north, and when investigated by the labor commissioner, the charges were found to be true. At one plantation, the great clock whose slow hands measure the working-day was manipulated from the inside, with the result that the hours lengthened imperceptibly,

and the hands were toiling twelve hours a day instead of ten. At some plantations the sun always rises at six and sets at six for plantation purposes, and a big bell booms out the beginning and end of working-hours.

As in the Southern States, the personality of the manager who lords it so absolutely over the plantation makes all the difference in the world. He is a little czar, and holds the power of life and death, almost. The courts consult him as to sentences, and if he says that he cannot spare the labor of one of his men, the courts will permit the contract laborer to serve the time of his sentence on the plantation — that is, his days are spent in the cane, and his nights in a sort of improvised calaboose.

There are many kindly men who do not abuse their power, and who believe in living and letting others live. On one plantation you will find laborers docked for a half-day if they are absent for a half-hour from the field, and at an adjoining one wages will be gradually increased in return for good service, until some of the laborers earn a fair stipend. On some plantations every possible fine is levied, and sick men are charged for medical services, until the wages are stripped down to six dollars and a half a month. On others, laborers are cared for in a manner almost paternal. And, like the Scriptural rain, which falls alike on the just and the unjust, the sugar from these unjust plantations tastes quite as sweet as that from the others. Worse still, the owners make quite as much money. Of course, it is all wrong — a system which permits such abuses, and which relies on man's humanity to man. Laws to protect the weak are not based on the theory of the innate justice of the strong.

It was the realization among the islanders that Uncle Sam would regard the contract laborer as an abomination in the nostrils of free men — for the Hawaiian republic has always had the grace to be ashamed of contract labor — that hurried so many Oriental coolies across the ocean in July and August of 1898, and put every tramp-ship under contract. During these last days of independence, when annexation was already a fact, but had not reached formal ratification, laborers were netted like fish along the waterways of China, and were herded from the populous districts of Japan. How many of them were shanghaied or coerced or deceived, no one will ever know or care to inquire. The last official act of the Hawaiian republic was the signing of a receipt on a human bill of lading.

Not even Castle Garden could parallel the scenes at Honolulu in the days when hundreds of low-class Orientals, only ten days from home, were landed at the quarantine station. Such a hurrying, scurrying, frightened, jabbering mob as they were. The shipload I saw had been jammed, five hundred and forty-six of them, on a small tramp steamer, the Kee Lung, with about as much food and air and water as a blackbirding expedition in the old days gave to its passengers. The laborers were caked with dirt, tired, uncertain on their legs, and they were driven down the bridge from deep water to the bright pink buildings of the quarantine settlement like so many sheep. The bridge is six feet wide, perhaps, and half a mile long, over coral-reef thinly veiled with sand.

Women carrying beady-eyed, silent Japanese babies, and men with wearing apparel, bedding, and eating utensils, they stumbled along the long gangplank, their

wooden shoes making a queer clacking and clattering. Men who travel thousands of miles for the privilege of earning twelve dollars and a half a month are not expected to be opulent, but these carried clean *kimonos* in neat bundles, mats for beds, wooden blocks for pillows, and blue bowls for rice. That they were dirty was not their fault. Their desire was to be clean; for as soon as the big bath-tubs, eight by ten feet, were shown them, they scuttled in in squads of ten with all speed, and then was heard a great spattering and splashing, as though a million canaries were dashing their wings at once in a million bathing-dishes of porcelain.

There is something pathetic about these cotton-clad laborers — the slaves of Hawaii. They bind themselves to work in the cane or coffee for three years or more, and if they desert, the whole police power of the republic is thrown against them. They are captured as fugitive slaves were before the war. If they prove repentant, they are sent back to the plantation. If they are still runaways at heart — and heaven knows there is reason enough why they should be — they are sent to "the reef" to work out their sentence, and after that even the stifling work among the cane is welcome. It seems odd that the fugitive slave law over which men fought and bled forty years ago should be in force in a republic at the end of the century.

Of course, there is the world-old argument — that these Chinese and Japanese coolies are no better off in their own country; that they are too lowly in station even to belong to the army, except to be attached as bearers and camp-followers, and take the place of government mules in the food trains. Very likely this is true. The

world must be centuries older yet before men will cease trying to make two wrongs come out a right.

The quarantine buildings where these imported laborers have their first taste of "Western civilization" are long, low salmon-pink buildings on a green and sedgy island, where the grass turns brown in the salt and the high tide almost drowns the settlement. It looks like a rose-pink fishing village floating on a looking-glass sea.

Inside are wonderful ovens, where fifty pounds of sulphur are burned at once and great tanks whence no germ comes out alive. There are vats for fumigating clothing and tanks for purifying bodies. The rule is that all steerage passengers must be detained until they have been eighteen days from the nearest port. If they make a quick passage from Yokohama, there is all the more time to stay in the hot, sun-baked yard and the bright pink buildings. Medical men presume that disease germs that are going to take root will sprout within the eighteen-day limit, but there are records of small-pox cases that developed the twenty-first day from port.

Every morning at sunrise the guards send these hundreds of detained passengers scampering from their beds. Sometimes there are twenty-four hundred of them, and each one is examined, even the little children, which takes until well along in the morning. The examination is to determine if any of the dreaded Oriental plagues have developed overnight. Later a physician examines them as to soundness of wind and limb, for only able-bodied men and women are wanted. The poor, scared Orientals, unable to speak a word of Hawaiian or English, must think it takes a deal of prodding and poking, of listening through a stethoscope and feeling of the

ribs to secure the privilege of earning thirteen dollars a month.

They lodge like cattle. There is no separation of women from men — not even at bathing-time. The officer in charge of the quarantine station says it would breed a riot if he attempted such a thing, and so they sleep in one huge room, warm as to temperature, foul as to air, but fairly cleanly considering the numbers who lodge there. There are tiers of bunks and great areas of bare, square beds, with low partitions between them, but no passageway. Four or five persons sleep in a single bunk by night, and sit tailor-fashion in the gloomy depths of the cavernous place by day. It is a fortunate thing that the Japanese babies, with their shaven polls and lonesome lock behind, or their circular bang around a shaven place as big as a dollar, do not cry. If they did, there would be no sleep for any one in this vast caravansary. As the black, almond eyes peered at me through the half dark of the place of beds, it reminded me of a huge rookery where birds cluster and jostle and push for place.

It may breed a riot to separate the sexes, but when Hawaii gets into working order as an American territory the dozen guards at the house of quarantine will be reenforced so that the entrance of these Orientals into Western civilization will be a real entrance. A woman doctor and female attendants could do more for these Japanese women than a hundred missionary sermons.

The day I was at quarantine there were seven hundred and twenty inmates, fifty of them women. Chinese and Japanese were in the same yard, living in a sort of armed neutrality. The officers say that a Chinese is a gentleman compared with a Jap. The Chinese are

friendly, civil, and easy to manage — the Japs hot-headed, surly, and difficult to control. On the plantations Chinese are in demand and much preferred to Japanese. The Chinese are always industrious and always willing — the Japanese dissatisfied, ambitious, striving for better things, ready to organize and eventually to strike. In short, to look the matter in the face, the Japanese is too much like us, rapidly civilizing himself, and, like a plant, turning his leaves toward our sun. Overseers hate him for it, much as parents punish in children the outcropping ugliness of honestly inherited tempers.

In the great yard of the station, hundreds of Japanese men and women were pouring to the fences. They behaved as though they had never seen a white woman before. Few Caucasian women ever set foot across that long and spidery bridge. It seemed to me that it would be better if the wives and daughters of Honolulu would open their eyes on the flat pink village and think of what goes on within. Sometimes I am enamored of the thought of home missions.

When I entered the big yard it was almost noon, and the midday meal was being prepared by the quarantined men and women. Bushels of feathery white rice were being removed from immense cauldrons in common shovels. A sufficient quantity for twenty persons was placed in a pan and transferred to the pretty blue rice-bowls, where the chop-sticks were soon clattering. Besides, there were boiled turnips and meat — all paid for by the plantation owners.

Wherever I went, a string of sturdy, silent, curious Japanese followed. One evil-looking old man kept partic-

ularly close, but no inducement could induce him to pose for the camera. At sight of it, he ran like a rat to his hole. The Japanese interpreter moved on before us, and in the distance tucked-up *kimonos* dropped like curtains and were decently folded over brown and beautifully muscled chests.

They teach the conventionalities of the West, if not the moralities, at quarantine.

One great fellow—a giant among Japanese—was girt about the loins with a figured blue cloth, covered with cabalistic symbols. He might have been a priest in some far-away province in the cold north, or a man shanghaied for reasons of state or personal hatred. At any rate, he frowned and held aloof from his companions, and glowered when asked to stand still for my camera's sake.

In spite of the lack of mirrors, many of the women had arranged elaborate coiffures, and on their pretty and guileless faces was that look of innocent ignorance which shows that the tree of knowledge never grew in a Japanese Eden. Eve was not Oriental.

The hot yard where these slaves to modern commercialism are caged is not always as peaceful as it was when I was there. Even then, the enforced quiet reminded me of the Warden's incongruous garden at San Quentin, where hundreds of convict faces peer over among the flowers and wear the shut-in look that is more oppressive to a free man or woman than anything in life—aye, or in death, for that matter.

Sometimes a real or fancied grievance starts a battle in the inclosure. The big billets of wood that lie about are convenient weapons to enforce argument. Some

fearful fights have been witnessed from the unblinking windows in the pink building.

"I have only twelve guards to six hundred men," my courteous guide, the superintendent, explained. "Sometimes I have only twelve guards to twenty-four hundred men and women. Naturally my men must learn to think quickly and act instantly. There is no time to be lost; for what begins in a duel often assumes the proportions of a battle. My men depend on their organization — the others have no chance to combine, and organization is everything. The Chinese are given to fighting among themselves. When a row starts, my men rush in with clubs and we do 'em up."

"And is anybody killed?" I inquired.

"Well, no," he laughed; "but sometimes they come pretty near it."

"And the punishment?"

"Oh, well," he replied, shrugging, "there are different things. There are the clubs. Sometimes we beat 'em, and sometimes we chain 'em to those pipes you see there and warm 'em up with electricity."

Heavens! What must they think of our vaunted Western civilization? Clubs and electricity! And yet the men who can administer such punishment and quell such disturbance are not strong enough to keep the women separated from the men.

"But usually we keep them tame by persuasion," added the superintendent. "I tell them they are not landed until they get away from here and they believe me. I tell them I will send them home again unless they behave well. And then I have a good Japanese interpreter. He scares them with the things he tells

them. I never inquire too particularly into what he says — at any rate, we manage to keep them in order."

An unusually pretty and merry young girl caught my eye. Her pudding-face was dimpling all over with laughter, like the bay in a breeze. I inquired if she too was bound to the hard plantation life for which the women receive only eight dollars a month, and under which they fade almost instantly, losing all their flower-like prettiness.

"Oh, no; she is a 'free' woman," replied the superintendent, unconsciously emphasizing the real social difference between this one and the slaves about her. "She is the wife of a storekeeper in Honolulu, but as she traveled by steerage, she is detained like the rest."

After the men and women have passed the medical inspection for the plantations, they are posed in groups on the veranda, each one plainly numbered, and officially photographed. Thousands of pictures are kept to assist identification, should the bond-servants try to escape. Many women with their babies were being photographed the day I was there. At the snap of the shutter the photographer waved them away, and each group melted into the quivering heat around the corner, while another dozen of olive-skinned, bare-legged, *kimonoed* beings took their places. Each woman smoothed her *obi* as she settled demurely into the chair in front of her lord.

"Of course, nobody knows whether they are married or not. We don't ask for certificates," remarked a coarse attendant with a grin. A man registers a woman as his wife, and no questions are asked."

As a matter of fact, many of these fresh-looking, pretty girls never go to the plantations at all. Most of

them had only the vaguest ideas of where they were going. They only knew it was somewhere on what appeared to be the mainland, at which they gazed across the bilge-water through their palings.

In Honolulu, house-servants, nursemaids, gardeners, chambermaids, cooks, waiters, stewards, laundresses — all are Orientals. There are Japanese and Chinese keepers of restaurants, tailors, hackmen, dressmakers, butchers, bakers, grocers, fruiterers, barbers, bootblacks — almost anything under the sun commercially — and they do not cater to their own people alone, but to the whites. Whole streets are given up to them.

Many of these busy, contented, prosperous Japanese and Chinese merchants are said to have come to the islands as contract laborers. If so, I have every respect for their courage and faithfulness; for the hopeless owned emigrant and the well-fed tradesman are further apart than the towpath and the Presidency.

Whenever you glance up from the facilities introduced for the correction of physical evils, you see the great human wall of Japanese, with their bristly pompadours, like black shoe-brushes, and their shrewd, questioning eyes. They are herded like animals in a pasture. Strangers from a score of separated provinces in Japan — the scum of their towns, perhaps — perhaps a country population misled by tales of a land of promise beyond the seas, and so induced to leave their decent, clean houses and their work among the cool ooze of the rice-fields to labor among the hot, green leaves of the rustling cane.

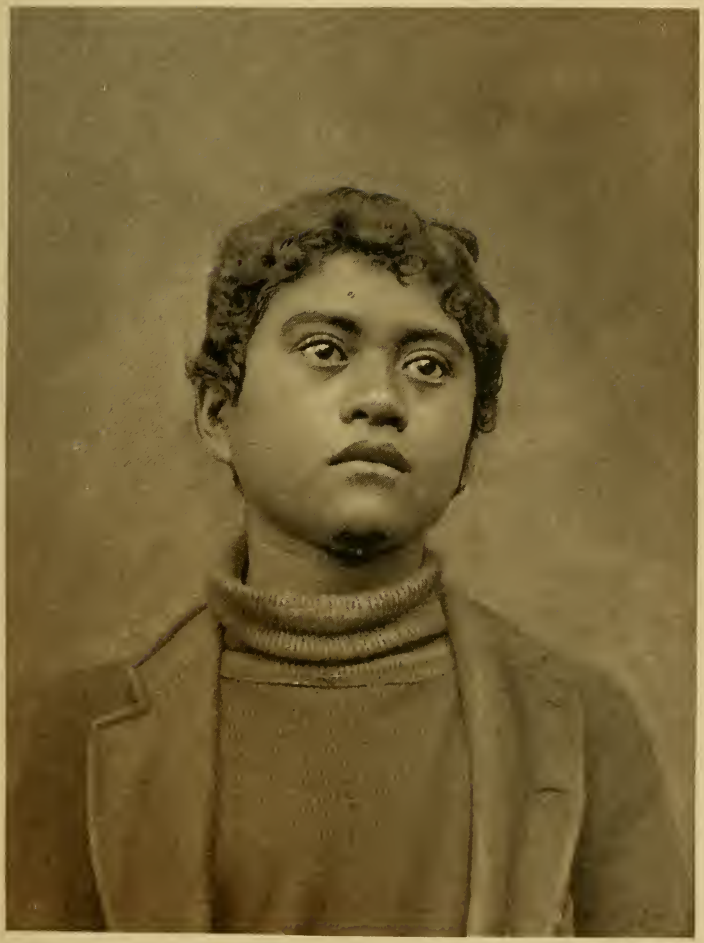
CHAPTER VII

HAWAII BECOMES AMERICA

FRIDAY, the 12th of August, 1898, will be celebrated for generations to come as Hawaii's natal day. As a sight, the raising of the American flag over the capital of the Kamehamehas was most impressive, not because of the size of the crowd, for it was not large, nor for the tumult, for all was singularly silent, nor for elaborate ceremonial, for the exercises were very simple, but because a nationality was that day snuffed out like a spent candle, and a bigger, clearer, more certain light was set in its place. It was but another roll of the juggernaut car in which the lordly Anglo-Saxon rides on to his dream of universal empire.

It was not as joyous an occasion as far-off America may have imagined. When it was over women who wore the American emblem wiped their eyes, and men who had worked for annexation for years said, with a throb in the throat, "How sad it was." As for the Hawaiians, they were not there. It was self-denial on their part; for the Kanaka loves music and color and crowds, and that invisible fluid which flows from man to man, and which we call excitement.

But on this day of days the Hawaiians were at home. They were not on the streets; they were not in the stores. They were shut up in their houses, and from the Queen's



A Typical Hawaiian Lad.

stately home to the meanest shed the open windows and closed shutters were lonely and somber as places of death. Those who were obliged to be abroad slipped through back streets and crooked lanes. They wore on their hats the twisted golden *ilima* that tells of love of royalty, and on their breasts the old flag and lettered badges that spoke their *aloha* for Hawaii to all the world.

So few Hawaiians were in front of the Executive Building that it might have been any capital rather than their own. There were Americans, Portuguese, Japanese, Chinese, but almost no Hawaiians, and those who were there showed marks of diluted blood. About the ceremonies was all the tension of an execution. Though the Hawaiians were not there to weep, others did it for them, and few Americans had the heart to gloat over this sorry triumph. It was the realization of Hawaii's divided house which caused Admiral Miller to prevent anything like a jubilation. Such a thing would have been brutality; for in Hawaii is the old heartache that drove the Britons to the mountain fastnesses of Wales — the same spirit that filled the beaten hosts of Harold when the Conqueror came over from Normandy — the bitterness that throbbed in the burning veins of the South in the days after unsuccessful secession.

There was something very fine and strong and rare in the restraint the Admiral put upon the annexationists in their hour of triumph. There was little of that blowing of horns and shrilling of whistles that the American loves so well. Only one man drove about in a carriage groaning under a load of red, white, and blue, and he was not an American at all, but a Greek. A few small boys had the horn of torture of New Year's eve. but they were the

veriest riffraff. There was absolutely no speechmaking, except a few dignified words from Minister Sewall, no spread-eagleism, no marching, no cheering.

I had long before found out that the faculty and the desire to cheer are alike confined to the temperate zone, but this was self-restraint on a large scale that I had never seen before. That thousands were glad to the bottom of their souls was as true as that other thousands were grieved to the core, but it meant a great deal when the conquering thousands agreed to temper the wind to the shorn lamb.

It was useless to deny that we had taken to ourselves an unwilling bride. There was much about the ceremony that smacked of a marriage of convenience, but it must be remembered that these new relatives of ours are the most amiable people in the world, which is our great good luck, and perhaps their ill-fortune. The stronger the Hawaiian the more resentful he is—it will take kindness and patience and time's soft obliteration to deal with this difficult problem. Some few Hawaiians were there—four on the platform reserved for distinguished folk, where diplomats and cabinet ladies and ministers' wives were seated in order of their husbands' prominence. One of these—the only native woman on the platform—was the wife of a prominent lawyer and politician. He was of the new order of things, and came for business reasons, and she came because he required it of her.

In facial characteristics she was not unlike the ex-Queen, and many people mistook her for Liliuokalani. She came down the stairs on her husband's arm, very proud and dignified and stately, in a flowing *holoku* of black and violet, and hat plumed with the royal yellow. She

held her head very high among her lighter neighbors, and she bore up very well until the Hawaiian Band commenced to play "Hawaii Ponoi" for the last time as a national anthem. At the first note she covered her eyes with her fan and the tears dropped softly. She did not raise her eyes again, and she did not see the Hawaiian flag as it floated, then sank for the last time. Other natives who were forced to be there covered their faces. An old Kanaka woman who stood near me never moved her eyes from the flag as it drooped and came down the halyards, but the steady lids slowly brimmed over and a rain of tears fell on her cheeks. Hawaiians in the ranks of the National Guard covered their faces, or fixed their eyes on the ground. When "Hawaii Ponoi," which means "Our very own Hawaii," in a dear and intimate way, came to be played, the brass had a lump in its throat and the drums a sob. It was a weakly strain; for all the natives had thrown away their instruments and had fled around the corner, out of sight if not of hearing. Only ten men, none of them Hawaiian, were left to play. The men had begged their leader to be relieved from playing what was to them a dirge, and he, being kind, consented. It would have been like asking a child to sing at the funeral of a parent. The release of the musicians from the flag-lowering took away something of the sting from the sending of invitations to the ex-Queen and the Princess Kaiulani. It was the very refinement of cruelty that reserved seats should be offered them, and the act caused fierce resentment among upper-class Hawaiians.

The day began with heavy showers and threatening clouds. On the previous night, when the melancholy taps sounded from the barracks and marked the close of

the last night of the life of Hawaii, rain was falling heavily. The *kahunas* all over the islands were praying for rain, but they prayed to too good purpose, for the rain came quickly and most of it had fallen before the morning of the flag-raising, while the evening of Annexation Day was perfection.

The day began at 10 o'clock, when the Hawaiian National Guard formed at the barracks, preparatory to escorting the Philadelphia's men from the docks to the Executive Building. The men were in fresh white ducks, with brown leggings and blue coats, and as Colonel Fisher reviewed them for the last time as a Hawaiian organization, they presented a very fine appearance. The color-sergeant carried the flag bound with a golden *lei*—the red, white, and blue of Hawaii, which has known many vicissitudes, and which was soon to rise above the horizon in a new combination. It was a holiday crowd that gathered near the barracks—a crowd agape with curiosity and wearing no heart on its sleeve. There were any number of Japanese, dainty little women in *kimonos*, with their husbands and babies in American clothes, and other Japanese women quite as petite, but minus all the daintiness and charm, rustling about in hideous, shapeless, starched *holokus*. There were swarms of Portuguese children, their grandmothers with orange handkerchiefs tied over their heads, and their mothers in the baglike dress of the country. Many Americans were tricked out with ugly badges representing Uncle Sam and Miss Hawaii (a negress), and the motto, "This is our wedding-day," which may have been funny when it first appeared as a cartoon, but had long been shorn of its humor. Two or three Hawaiians looked on, their

hats twined with *ilimas*, and their mild eyes full of trouble.

And still the atmosphere of an execution grew. Everybody felt as though a man were condemned to die at 12 o'clock, and the suspense in the air was as horrible as that which rests over a field on the eve of battle. There was a touch of that comedy which lights the face of tragedy when the National Guard went down to meet and escort the Philadelphia's men. The guard was preceded by a corps of police officers, all of them natives, but with that rotundity in perspective which characterizes the peace-officer all over the world. These men seldom march and never drill, and when ordered to fall in line they were at a loss whether to make the line at their toes or at their belts. The orders were as amusing as the marching. "All ready there?" sang out a militia officer. The policemen nodded sagely. "Well, go ahead, then," yelled the officer. They went "ahead."

Long before the military procession reached the Executive Building, the crowd was passing through the gates which were open to receive it. The scene of the flag-raising, christened Iolani Palace, dates from the time of Kalakaua, the merry monarch, and is a beautiful building, planned on noble and stately lines and set in a square of densely tropical shade, cut out in four avenues of light and bordered by the moonlight stems of gray and green royal palms, which lead up to the four great doors. Nestling at one side is the famous old bungalow of Kalakaua, whose walls could unfold a tale, and whose mirrors reflect a picture that would startle even the gay Parisians; for here the last Hawaiian King lived as kings have lived since time began.

From the *mauka* door — that is, toward the mountain — a stand had been built, upon which one of the most impressive ceremonies of the century was soon to take place — the ceremony of making American soil of foreign territory. The tingle of great events was in the air.

The people who poured through the gates were of all classes, with a tremendous variety of race. They were of all degrees, from the moderately rich, who came in hacks, and the very wealthy who arrived in their own carriages, to those who came on foot in true democratic fashion. On the lawn in the date-palms' shade, under leaves of rustling mangoes and *papaya* trees, seats had been built on the soft natural sward. While the morning was yet cool, Chinese women, with little almond-eyed babies, and Portuguese women with children in arms, their eyes black as sloes, came and pre-empted these seats, which were outside the pale — that is, outside the rope.

Special guests were admitted through the lower hall of the great stone building. It was a difficult and delicate task to seat these special guests. Many seats on both upper and lower balcony were merely reserved for first-comers, but in the erected stand the representatives of the Foreign Office, buried beneath gold braid and brass fringes, had a dreadful time adjusting nice social balances, which varied not a hair's weight, and seating the dignitaries of the little republic whose numbered minutes were rapidly ticking away. They were always sticklers for form and precedent in Hawaii.

The platform, decorated with entwined Hawaiian and American flags, was divided into halves. The front row of seats on one side was reserved for President Dole and his cabinet; that on the other side for Minister Sewall,

Admiral Miller, and his staff. The wife of the President had the place of honor on one side — that is, within full view of the multitude — the wife of Minister Sewall had the place on the other. Next to Mrs. Dole, in her black frock and simple bonnet, came the cabinet ladies, and behind them the wives of ministers and ex-ministers, seated next their husbands, and then the foreign diplomats and consuls and their wives — a minimized epitome of the world waiting to see this miniature republic ingulfed in the events of the universe, forfeiting the independence of ages, because the navies and armies of a great country, just feeling its strength, demanded it as a resting-place, while Baby Switzerland, in its mountain fastnesses, had stood safely between the upper and the nether millstone these hundreds of years.

Almost the last to come on the platform were several native gentlemen and ladies. These were all politicians — men who could not afford to stay away. There was the Speaker of the last House of Representatives, a counselor of state and his wife, and a circuit judge. Before 11:30 the sharpshooters, with American flags around their hats, and the Citizens' Guard had arrived — both organizations composed of men who saw service and stood shoulder to shoulder in opposition to the monarchy.

Soon after their coming a whiff of martial music, blown through the trees, announced the approach of another organized body of men, and the National Guard of Hawaii, preceded by the Government Band, came through the *mauka* gate, the Hawaiian flag floating, and the band playing Hawaiian music. Behind them were the blue-jackets of the Philadelphia, as American in looks as the guard was foreign; for the latter was largely made

up of dark-skinned men, and the faces of all were brown from the sun. Separated from their comrades, walking apart in a space, were three men from the Philadelphia with a great roll in their arms. This prosaic-looking bundle was the American flag, soon to be raised.

The *mauka* drive was striped with close rows of American sailors in blue and white. The spaces to the side were crowded with soldiers with brown faces. Then from the central door, on which all eyes were fixed, appeared a quartet of men in gold lace, heavy epaulets, and the senseless full-dress hats of the navy. A man next me whispered in awe, "They must be Knights of Pythias." Everybody supposed it was the Admiral, but it was not yet. These were officers of the Mohican, and they were almost as gorgeous as the gentlemen from the Foreign Office.

Truth to tell, the Admiral had little to do with it. He it was who had brought the President's written wishes and who set the machinery in motion. He also placed the stamp of simplicity on the proceedings, but thereafter he had nothing to do, except to signal the proper moment for the flag to go up.

At 11:45 o'clock, President Dole and his cabinet entered, everybody standing as they came on the platform. The President looked like a man about to attend an afternoon tea, though his grave face was in contrast with his gay attire. The men of his cabinet were not all so correctly dressed. There were silk hats of every epoch since the missionaries first came to Hawaii — hats whose first appearance dates within the remembrance of no person now living, whose blocks long since went to make *koa* calabashes for sale to unsuspecting tourists.

The President and his best men were followed almost immediately by Minister Sewall and Admiral Miller and his staff. Just at this time a gentle rain was falling — liquid sunshine, they call it in Hawaii — and the sense of oppression grew as the atmosphere became heavier and more difficult to breathe.

Then came the last prayer of a religious government, a prayer for the safety of Hawaii's native sons and daughters, every one standing uncovered the while and Minister Sewall fingering restlessly a large blue, official-looking envelope, which he carried under his arm. There was a brief interchange of formalities between Minister and President. The blue envelope containing a copy of the resolution of annexation was transferred to President Dole, who offered the sovereignty and public property of the Hawaiian Islands to Mr. Sewall.

The President's voice rose for a moment, and the words, "With full confidence in the honor, justice, and friendship of the American people," came out in the clear tones of a bell. It made the hearts of Americans thrill.

Again the President's voice sank to a low key, and thereafter all went as though it had been rehearsed, except that a cabinet minister or two occasionally got up or sat down in the wrong place, like Protestants strayed into a ritualistic church by mistake.

Mr. Sewall took up the refrain in recitative. "Mr. President," he said, "in the name of the United States, I accept the transfer of the sovereignty and property of the Hawaiian Government. The Admiral commanding the United States naval forces in these waters will proceed to perform the duty intrusted to him."

And so was heralded the great event for which every one had been holding the breath, and feeling that qualm akin to seasickness, with which sensitive people await an event that is desired yet dreaded. By this time it lacked but six minutes of noon, and the quavering strains of "Hawaii Ponoi" were heard, coming up with but half the usual volume. It sounded as the voices of the Pilgrim Fathers may have when they tried to sing the songs of home in a far-off land, or as homesick travelers sing "Home, Sweet Home" on distant shores. There was a sob and a heartbreak in it, and before the end came an almost complete breakdown. Even the leader's baton was moving through a mist of tears; for he had written the music years before, and the memory of the times when he had played it rushed over him with irresistible force.

Handkerchiefs were out on the platform now, and ministers' wives and cabinet ladies who had been born under this flag, with its eight stripes of red, white, and blue, and the English jack in the corner, were not ashamed to wipe their eyes. The men were frowning fiercely and trying to wink back the tears, but some of them wept audibly and forgot to be ashamed. President Dole made a signal to Colonel Soper, who waved a white handkerchief to some one in the crowd. The troops presented arms, and far away was heard the deep bass boom of the Philadelphia's salute, and the nearer treble of the Hawaiian battery in melancholy duet. There were twenty-one guns, the last national salute of the Hawaiian flag. During the salute there was a vigorous wig-wagging of signal flags from the central tower, upon which, as well as upon the side-towers, men had been

posted all the morning. The bugles rose and fell in the ever-melancholy "taps," and while every one held the breath the beautiful flag of Hawaii trembled for an instant, then started, and slowly, gracefully sank down the halyards to the ground, where it was caught by loving hands and reverently folded. Just as it started in its descent, the clouds broke away, and a square of the blue Hawaiian sky showed itself as if in farewell and blessing. A great sigh went up from the thousands of upturned faces, and many upon whom the flag had no claim wept for sympathy. Every man within sound of the saluting guns stood uncovered, and far away at the water front, Kanaka boatmen, plying their trade, bared and bowed their heads as religious peasants at sound of the far-flung Angelus.

At the moment when the tension was so great that it could not be borne an instant longer, the Admiral nodded to his flag-lieutenant, who gave the order, "Colors roll off," and the cheery American bugles cut the air. It was a tremendous relief. Then the well-loved strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner" came from the Philadelphia's band, and every one who knew the words hoped from the depths of a fervent heart that this banner might wave over territory that should be in reality a land of the free and a home of the brave.

The American flag that was by this time climbing to its lofty position was an immense piece of bunting, what is known in navy parlance as a "No. 1 regulation." It was thirty feet long and eighteen feet wide, and as it went up the halyards it seemed to cover and tenderly protect the entire front of the building. Almost simultaneously with the raising of the official flag its smaller brethren were run

up on the side-towers, and again was heard the salute to the new sovereignty — as though the guns were saying, "The King is dead; long live the King!" The central flag was so immense that though it hung limp and lifeless for a moment, it was but a second before it caught the breath of a passing breeze, and flung itself in wide magnificence. Then for the first time there was a cheer — strong from the direction of the sharpshooters and the Citizens' Guard, weak from the places where were seated America's new citizens of alien blood.

Minister Sewall read the President's proclamation, which left everything official unchanged in Hawaii. Then he made a speech, which was the valedictory of the old, the salutatory of the new.

There followed the giving and the taking of the oath — always an impressive ceremonial, even when given glibly in a modern court of law. The Chief Justice in a black *holoku* administered it. He should have taken it previously himself, but Hawaii's Chief Justice is a dictatorial person, and gave the oath without being an American citizen himself. The President took it alone, his cabinet officers followed, their hands shaking like aspen-leaves. Then the band played "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," the Philadelphia men went back to the water-front, and the crowd filtered slowly out through the gates, casting many a longing, lingering glance behind at the new flag, flaunting its red, white, and blue against the sea of tropical green. The skies ceased to weep over it, and the sun came out and warmed and blessed it.

Most of the Americans made their way to Kalakaua's old barracks, there to see the National Guard take the oath. The enlisted men were told to remove their caps —

those who wished to swear. The ranks were by no means full, many men having stayed away in anticipation of this. There was a moment of suspense as the men were given an instant to decide at the parting of the ways. It was like that moment of deadly delay before the altar when one is allowed to speak or else forever after hold his peace. A corporal's guard sturdily remained covered and did not raise a hand, a proceeding requiring moral courage of the highest order. Afterward came the humiliating order to step from the ranks and surrender their arms — and all because they were true to the flag of their nativity. President Dole presented a flag to the new Americans — the faded colors which once belonged to the Boston, dim and begrimed from years in camphor. Mr. Dole said that the Hawaiian flag had gone down in "honorable surrender." and the soldiers hung their heads as though no surrender was ever honorable.

Officially, Annexation Day was over. In the evening, brilliant fire-balls climbed the still, dark skies, and wild noises disturbed the silent tropical night — these the contribution of the Annexation Club. Later, there was a ball — mixed as to guest, and varied as to detail — a ball in the old throne-room of Iolani Palace where the dark, disapproving faces of rows of Kamehamehas looked down on dancers from every country under the sun except their own. There was scarcely a Hawaiian face among them all — one or two pretty half-breeds — and yet you will find people who will tell you in dead earnest that the natives were absolutely pining for annexation. Stranger still, these people expect you to believe them.

Long after midnight the lights went out under the

stems of the ghostly royal palms, keeping their vigil of years, and Honolulu slept under the protection of the American flag.

The missionary had rendered his account.

Where Fishes Leap and Play.

CHAPTER VIII

A QUEEN'S HOME-COMING

THERE is nothing festive about the home-coming of a throneless queen. It is more of a funeral than a fête; but when the loss of caste does not carry with it loss of loyalty, and when the affection of a people is beyond taint or hurt, then adversity has compensations, for true love shines best in the darkest days. Had Liliuokalani remained a queen, she would never have known how much her people loved her.

In a few years, when the families of royal blood and those of the rich merchants are inextricably mingled, when every one in Hawaii shall have a *moi* as ancestor on one side and a shop-keeper on the other, when all the coats-of-arms shall have been quartered with a ham or a cheese, and the old women with yards of historical legends at their tongues' end are all dead, it will be impossible to have such a home-coming as was Liliuokalani's on the night of the 1st of August, in the year of grace and annexation. Such a home-coming will not be possible then, because the young Hawaiians are ignorant of the sagas of their race. Historians with more or less sympathy have committed the oral histories to writing, but there are no young *olioli* singers who know how to half-carol, half-yodel the deeds of the illustrious ancestors of the royal house.

The living histories are dying year by year, and more's the pity.

The home-coming of Liliuokalani was inexpressibly sad. It was marked by a barbaric ceremonial and a heartfelt joy, tempered by sorrow; for annexation was a thing determined upon. Always before when Liliuokalani came home after fruitless diplomatic journeys, there was some hope, but this time there was none. The Hawaiian monarchy had been swallowed by America. The little Hawaiian republic had committed suicide, but in its death-grip it had strangled the monarchy too.

It was past midnight of August 1st when the Gaelic was sighted off Koko Head. At the announcement, hundreds of natives tumbled from their beds, and others who had kept an all-night vigil lest the Queen should come unannounced, hurried to the wharf, like those wise and vigilant virgins, until the whole water-front was a mass of moving figures. Of these, few were Caucasians, and the sprinkling of palefaces was not enough to conventionalize that heartfelt welcome nor to temper the savage splendor of it all.

Those who had thought that the Queen would remain quietly aboard the steamer until daylight, had reckoned without her love of Hawaii *nei*. She was not only awake, but had been pacing the deck for hours, straining for a glimpse of the lights that warn mariners of the sharp-toothed coral reefs that encircle her country. It was a perfect midnight. The sky was a deep purple, set with stars and curtained with clouds. At intervals the light of the full moon spilled over the rim of the cloud-bank and showed the city crowded between the green water and the green hills, those wonderful hills

and perpetually weeping valleys which girdle Honolulu, and which are fresher than any other verdure in the world.

One by one the buoys sparkled into life, marking the road for the ship, and the natives murmured their joy that the steamer was coming in. The pilot-boat darted out, and soon the twin vertical lights of the Gaelic were sending a long ray over the water. Not a sound disturbed the deathly stillness of the dock. The huge hulk of the Gaelic slid deftly into place and the gangplank went up. The passengers were all on deck; for queens do not come home every day. Americans among the crowd picked out faces they knew and saluted boisterously, but still the natives gave no sound.

The Princess Kaiulani looked on in the moonlight, and the Hawaiian women clung to each other sobbing. Prince David, with a few tried and trusted royalists, went up the gangplank and found the Queen in a little inclosure of canvas, arranged to shelter her from curious eyes during the trip. It was several moments before she appeared, and then she walked down the gangplank on the arm of Prince David, stately and dignified, stepping as slowly as if it were a royal progress and the feather robe of the Kamehamehas under her feet. She was all in black, and her face under the black plumes looked sad and worn.

Still that deathly silence! Not a cheer broke the quiet, and the throneless Queen looked from side to side, while not an upturned face strayed for a moment from her. She seemed a little pained at the silence. Finally she herself broke the spell.

"*Aloha, aloha,*" she said in a sweet and low but

powerful voice, smiling sadly upon them. They had all the time been standing with uncovered heads, but instantly a storm of "*Alohas*" broke from the crowd, and they pressed to the gangplank and made as though they would touch her. Suddenly from the crowd a wizened old woman struck up a weird chant, rising and falling in barbaric cadence. It was a sound so appropriate to coral-reefs and cocoanut-groves, so utterly out of key with the big modern ship and the electrically lighted pier and all the elaborate paraphernalia of modern life that everybody started. The song was of the time of the *malo* and the calabash, and as the ancient crone sang, lifting her wrinkled arms and her shriveled fingers to heaven, all the years and all the teachings since the first missionaries came to the islands seemed to fall away as a mantle, and it was again old Hawaii, the beautiful land of Kamehameha.

The Queen did not appear to listen, but her face lighted as the old minstrelsy fell on her ear. She and her suite and Prince David seated themselves in Kaiulani's carriage, with its white horses, and then, for the first time, some one proposed three cheers. They were given heartily, in American fashion, but they did not accord with the rest of the greeting. There was a dash of white horses, a nodding of heads to left and right, fervent *alohas* mingled with sobs, and Liliuokalani was gone. The men and women whom she left behind were unashamed of their wet eyes.

But the scene of the night was at Washington Place, the private residence of the Queen, where were enacted such things as have not been known in the islands for many years and may never be again. It was a fit setting

for the passing of a dynasty. The house of *Keawe-a-heulu* went out with all the primitive savagery with which it had begun. One could shut his eyes and imagine himself in the heart of Africa, but never in the latest of American provinces, within a stone's throw of the biggest of foreign churches and within a square of a modern hotel.

The home of Liliuokalani was once the property of her husband's family. It is a big square white house, built after the plan of plantation-houses in the Southern American States. An immense balcony encircles it, and the house itself is lost in a wilderness of tropical foliage. Upon Liliuokalani's arrival, liveried servants cropped up as if by magic, like those armed men who sprang from the dragon's teeth. Two chamberlains in black broadcloth and tall silk hats with fluttering white rosettes, were stationed by the great entrance-gates, and two more were at the broad flight of steps that led to the front door. These men were straight and stiff as posts, and they held in their hands *kukui*-nuts bound in *ti*-leaves. The oily nuts blazed and flared like torches of pitch, and gave off a soft white vapor, with the pungent smell of prayer-sticks in a Chinese temple. The burning of *kukui*-nuts is a prerogative of Liliuokalani's family, and all through the night her torch-bearers stood stiffly erect. They were old men who had performed the same service at the palace in other and better days, but when one saw them first at half-past two and last at half-past five, their old backs were quite as straight and their old hands as steady as in palmier days.

The windows and doors in the great house had been thrown open and the lights from within streamed out

through the trees. The white pillars and door-frames had been wound with green garlands, and over the door was a Hawaiian welcome, "*Pumehama.*" Lamps, shaded with red, gave a cheerful glow, and the brilliant moon and flaring torches made the grounds as bright as day. Under the ragged banana-leaves, where the dews of early morning were congealing, and where the fragrance of jasmine and stephanotis and strange odorous spider-lilies was almost overpowering, a score of native men squatted in tailor-fashion, as though chairs had never come into use in Hawaii. The women crowded near the house where they could see through the open French windows. In the dining-room the Queen was breaking bread in her own home. She was seated in state at a plain deal table of a pattern found in many American kitchens, but there was no one in all that gathering of high enough rank to sit at the board. Such are the strange contrasts of this defunct monarchy.

There were attendants in plenty. Pretty young girls waved slowly white feather *kahilis*, and others brought the fruits of the island to the ex-Queen. She was still queen to them. She was dressed in black and lavender, with a soft sparkle of diamonds about the hands. In the light she looked extremely handsome with the strong lines that sorrow and anxiety have etched in her face, and with all the obstinate self-will and vanity quite gone. All the while the Queen was at table the priestesses outside kept up the melancholy *oliolis*, queer recitatives recounting the deeds of valor of the ancestors of the royal house, set to barbaric music reminiscent of Aïda. Sometimes the natives took up the refrain in a sort of chorus, the women's voices blending in perfect thirds,

and the men wailing after the old fashion for the dead.

For hours the chant went on without interruption, seemingly endless. The figures of the old women were bending and swaying as they gesticulated wildly, their voices cracking and breaking like those of some Deborah of old. Much of the history told in the song sagas was unintelligible to the young Hawaiians present; for the language is rapidly changing and many of the old words are entirely obsolete, but the old people understood and hung on every word uttered by Mahoe and Hana, drinking in the old tale of prowess and valor as though they had never heard it before.

When the Queen was sufficiently refreshed, her old retainers passed before her. At the veranda outside they fell on their knees, and, walking thus, passed to the woman whom they still regard as their chiefess. Almost all those who knelt were old and white-haired, and the spontaneous act of loyalty must have been hard for old knees. Whatever a republican may think of such practices, there was something pathetic in this train of old, bent forms, wending its slow way before the Queen — the Queen, who is but a common mortal, and can no longer enforce one small prerogative that once was hers by right. But all that loyalty could give was rendered to her as freely as though the power of life and death were yet in her hands.

One old man, whose hair was white and whose eyes were sightless, groped with his cane, then fell on his knees with the rest, and needed no eyes to find the Queen's hand to kiss. She called each by name, and wiped her own eyes as the tears fell on her hand. The

old retainers backed out of her presence, still on their knees, as though it were yet *tabu* to let one's shadow fall upon a king. Later some subjects of higher degree were permitted to kiss the royal hand without preliminary kneeling, and some few favored women remained kneeling about the Queen, like children in kindergarten circle, while they talked and exchanged the experiences that had thronged their lives since last they met.

Outside, while the comfortable gossipy conference went on within, and no one even dreamed of going to bed, while the Queen occasionally smiled at some story told by her women, the witches of the night sang their mournful lays. The old Mahoe had worked herself into a frenzy as she ran singing about the place. An old man who is a familiar street character joined her, and simultaneously they burst into the melody and the rhythmic movements of one of the old-time *hulas*, the real *hula*, when it was a war-dance and had not been ruined by the interpretation of foreigners. As they swayed and swung and rippled their muscles and made strange, enticing gestures with their shriveled hands, it began to grow pink and pearl beyond the frayed-out leaves of the bananas, and the foliage of the cocoanut-palm swayed in the first chill breeze of dawn.

Still the natives crooned among the trees, still the Queen opened her heart once again to those whom she trusts, and still the endless story of the deeds of the kings went on, though the voices of the singing women were growing faint with fatigue. In front, the torch-bearers, forgotten by every one, were erect and solemn as British footmen, and the *kukui*-nuts still flared, though a greater light had eclipsed theirs. Women with bundles of twigs

in their hands bent double to clear the drive of the flowers that had been cast in the path of their crownless Queen.

The next day saw a *hookupu*, or gift-bearing, to the Queen at Washington Place; but though the natives flocked in great flower-decked crowds, bringing all sorts of gifts, from modest *taro* wrapped in *ti*-leaves to live chickens tied by the legs, and live pigs, squealing, nothing in the garish, bright-tinted day could eclipse the memory of the strange, barbaric, sweet-scented night, when under the moon and the *kukui* flame the Queen who has no throne except in the hearts of her countrymen came again to that country which will be loyal to her as long as there is a single native of pure blood on the island. From Ioane, the blind player of the jew's-harp, who was once ballet-master to Kalakaua, and who, because of the ravishing sights he saw, has been condemned to blindness by a not unjust Providence — from Ioane, with his coat all rags, to descendants of chiefs still rich in land and cocoanuts, all the natives flocked and crowded to see the Queen. Shops were closed, and all native business was suspended. For the first time I saw my favorite boatman dry and clothed. Even the canoes must idle while all respect and reverence was paid to the Queen. Outside on the lawn, in a fainting, palpitating pile, the gifts were gathered. Many of them were living things, some of which were passed from hand to hand to the kitchen. There was faint possibility and no desire that the Queen should ever know who sent the gifts. The natives were paying their old feudal rent, paying it in kind, and as cheerfully as though the chicken were not the only one spared by the mongoose, or the pig the last of his tribe.

The *hookupu* is, I suppose, the legitimate ancestress of the donation party or the birthday surprise, but oh, how different! Here were no parsimonious farmers bringing frost-bitten potatoes and damaged things they did not want for themselves. Instead, the offerings were without spot or blemish — the very best that they had. Sometimes the gift from the slender store meant that the family would have to go without, but even that thought did not dim a single native smile. In all that crowd of bright-faced people on the green turf, not one was there expecting any favor — not one in search of office or preferment.

Happy Hawaii!

The Old Regime.

CHAPTER IX

HOW ROYALTY IS BURIED

It is not every day that one sits at the death-bed of a nation, with an eye on a dying face and a finger on a fluttering pulse. Nationalities, happily, are not snuffed out so often; and while I am as glad to be an American as I should have been glad to be something else, had I been born elsewhere, I would rather be an American by birth than to be made one by treaty.

During the last days of independent Hawaii, the Americans were happy. They went around with faces quietly beaming, as of travelers returning home. Why should they care that the Hawaiians were to be ingulfed in the resistless Caucasian stream, and a hundred years hence would be but a speck in the blood, a spot on the skin — a people passed from history? The death-knell that had sounded was not for them. Why repine at the sad but inevitable history of the nations? In this world few men have time for the blood on other lintels.

Nothing was more typical of the old order that passeth away than a royal funeral that swept through the streets of Honolulu less than a month before the Hawaiian flag went into eternal eclipse. It was symbolic of that interesting barbarism, the tinsel and ceremony of that feathered monarchy that has gone forever. Considered from the standpoint of the picturesque, it is a pity that

the peaceful pageantry of the little island monarchy could not have survived. The climate fitted it, the beautiful landscape suited it, the natives adored it. But as one of the young planters put it, tersely,—a young planter whose grandfather was a missionary, and whose father is a millionaire,—"We don't want a picturesque government. We want a government under which we can make money."

Well, well, so we do; so we do! I apologize to you, O practical, hard-headed Nineteenth Century, for regretting a cloak of canary feathers and a grass house. The canary cloak is in the museum, and the grass house has a roof of corrugated iron; the beautiful native wears hideous clothes, and the whole world is mad with money-making.

To go back, the Crown Princess of Tahiti was to be buried from the Catholic church around the corner, and when I said I was going, they laughed me to scorn. Fancy any one caring to see a royal corpse in this nineteenth century! But I cared to see it. I seemed to be about the only *haole* who did—the other Americans present being residents apparently.

On the opposite side of the street was drawn up the carriage of the American Minister, his Kanaka servants in braided liveries of white duck. A squad of men from the United States steamer Mohican made a white column in the hot little street, and there were several companies of the Hawaiian National Guard. But these had nothing to do with the royal funeral. They were grouped about a black hearse, where an undertaker of conventional pattern, with black gloves recently inked and a coat of sage-green, was putting the finishing touches. Inside

was the flag-draped casket of the bandmaster of a regiment of Minnesota volunteers. It was smothered in strange waxen tropical flowers, with an odor that swept you off your feet. They were already drooping — emblems of the sudden death and swift decay of the tropics. The Hawaiian Band was playing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," at this burial by strangers of a soldier who had not lived to reach the battlefield. Sad as it was, there were stranger things across the way.

The Catholic buildings are low-browed and screened behind walls. They dwell in the perpetual shimmering shade of Honolulu. Quivering light-rays fall on their faces through branches of the tamarind and the heavier shade of the thirsty banyan-tree. Palms wave overhead, and you can hear the cocoanuts click softly, like castanets, if you have the listening ear.

The wide doors of the church were open and music streamed out, chiefly the native voice, flat and twanging, as though the vocal chords lacked a sufficient sounding-board. People were packed between the light plastered walls of the church and the street — such a strange, mixed assemblage. At one side were six native men, in their hands *kahilis* of feathers, shaped like huge bottle-brushes, the wooden handles tied with yellow ribbons. The men themselves wore black clothes and black silk hats, and around their necks were wide *ahuulas*, or collarettes of canary and red feathers. These were retainers of old and noble families, and the *kahilis* have been carried for generations in royal processions and corteges. Stout native women, in trailing *holokus* of rich black silk, were looking after this part of the

ceremony — women with English as correct and accent as refined as that of any Colonial dame.

A motley crowd peeped and peered into the incense-laden interior through the open doorway. There was a daughter of China, in short blue blouse and loose flopping trousers, anklets of jade on her slim brown legs, and her bare feet thrust into embroidered slippers. Her shiny black queue was lengthened with rose-pink silk, the Chinese color of youth, and her ears were disfigured with their weight of jade and gilt. On her head was rakishly poised a white sailor hat of unmistakably modern cut!

At the other side of the door a small Japanese maid, with demure mouth, stood in her scant *kimono* and perfectly tied *obi*, her feet in clacking stilted slippers. Kanakas, Portuguese, Ethiopians, and Americans made up the fringe of the crowd, all hobnobbing, rubbing elbows, and craning necks in simple democratic equality.

And within high mass was being said for the soul of a princess of Tahiti. On one side of the street the funeral procession of a soldier-boy from the far Northwest, on the other the feather-trimmed retainers of a Tahitian princess — such are the sharp contrasts of this newest American possession.

One of the ladies in black silk *holokus* told me about the woman who was dead. The latter was Mrs. Ninito Sumner, Crown Princess of Tahiti, and a first cousin of Pomare, Queen of Tahiti. In her youth, Mrs. Sumner came to Hawaii as the betrothed of one of the Kamehamehas. But the kings of the fast-dying race of the great Kamehameha reigned briefly. Before the Tahitian princess arrived her fiancé was dead, and she never ruled in Hawaii. The family was very polite about it. The

prince next in line was away, and the Tahitian princess was invited to remain and be betrothed to him when he returned. She did remain, but she did not wait for him. John K. Sumner, a wealthy half-white, saw and admired her, wooed and wed her. In time the strong racial ties of Polynesia drew the princess and her foreign husband back to Tahiti. Sometimes they stayed there for ten years, returning always to Hawaii. There were no children — there seldom are in these royal families — and the Sumners grew old together. In spite of their wealth, they loved the old, simple life of pre-civilized days, and sometimes they would live in one of the warm, moist, tropical valleys back of Honolulu for months at a time, their home a grass house, their bed a braided mat, their diet a calabash of *poi*. It was a relapse into simplicity. In later years troubles came to them. The aged husband inherited the trustfulness of his mother's race, and was easily imposed upon by white men. On one of Sumner's trips he met a plausible stranger who persuaded him to give him a power of attorney over all his lands. The old man was made to believe that the success of certain lawsuits depended on his leaving the islands at once. After he had gone, his friends heard of the transaction, brought the matter to the attention of the courts, and urged the revocation of the power of attorney and the appointment of a guardian for the old man. The worry of it hastened the death of Mrs. Sumner.

While I was listening to the world-old story of the oppression of the dark skins by the white, and of the fraud, the deceit, the treachery that goes with civilization, poured in my ear by my soft-voiced friend in the trailing *holoku*, my eyes were becoming accustomed to the soft,

velvety gloom of the interior of the church. Near the door, outside of which I was standing, were many chairs, piled feet upward — a wild chaos of legs that told of a dwindling congregation. Far down the aisle were more feather *kahilis*, as symbolic of power as the fasces of the Roman lictor or the mace of modern representative assemblies. The same motley throng, all colors, all ages, all nationalities, sat in the pews. There was a tiny white child, with yellow curls straying over her bare white shoulders, sitting next to a brown Kanaka, whose shining face looked fresh from the cocoanut-oil of the South Pacific. Near the chancel was the casket, with its tapers, and behind it a sweet-faced old bishop in his miter — a man that I can very well believe is well beloved — surrounded by his priests — missionaries who have taken the vow of poverty.

The interior of the church was of conventional pattern, for the Catholic church is the same the world over. Only the *kahilis* gave a touch of the islands. At the right of the nave, in an inclosed space, knelt the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, from their convent near by, their white robes flowing in Milton's "majestic train," and their clasped hands hidden in the folds of their diaphanous white veils. The kneeling nuns in white, the bishop with his little retinue, the dusky bowed heads in the church, and the barbaric feathered *kahilis* made up a picture not elsewhere to be duplicated.

The high mass for the daughter of Tahiti was over, and the congregation streamed down the aisle. Over its cheap, brightly colored carpet they came, under the tender picture of St. Veronica, with its infinite, everlasting pity. The mourning color in Hawaii is black, and

no negro ever loved crepe more than they. The chieftain families of the islands are much intermarried and have a wide connection, and it seemed as though every one in the church wore mourning. Rusty black crepe veils, the state mourning of decades, swept the floor. They showed by signs of unmistakable wear how frequent have been the deaths in past years. Some women wore capes of crepe, and very few had heart enough for the yellow *leis* that tell of royalty.

The casket was hidden under quantities of yellow flowers, the royal color, with a few garlands of deathly sweet oleanders yielding up their fragrant lives. Behind the casket walked the aged husband, a little old man in black broadcloth, the wrinkled back showing where he had shrunk away from the lines of thirty years ago. A six-inch band of crepe on his hat and a sash of black crepe on his arm made his identity and his widowhood unmistakable, but his face was calm and unmoved. Even death could not disturb the calm of senility. He had outlived grief, and it passed him by.

The hearse was marked with four immense white plumes, and four more, shaped like *kahilis*, were stuck at the heads of the black horses. On the top of the hearse was a representation of the Hawaiian crown — an immense confection of red plush and gold-leaf, only used on special occasions, and this time shrouded in crepe.

I stood inside the fence, near a lay brother in his black garb, and pressed my forehead against the iron palings as the cortege moved slowly away. The crown-surmounted hearse scarcely attracted a glance in the narrow, bustling streets, where Oriental and Occidental civilization forget to nod as they pass by. Of late years

there have been many royal funeral pageants as impressive as this. Many times has the crown been borne above the hearse, as the short lives of chiefs and chiefesses came to an end. It seemed as though royalty found the air of the republican continent unbearable.

Then the white-plumed hearse with its crown of yellow *leis*, the *kahilis* and their bearers, all the pomp and circumstance of barbaric royalty, with the dazed old man behind, passed from view beyond a grove of palms.

The Crown Princess of Tahiti is envied by some of her kindred. She, at least, did not outlive her kingdom.

The Most Celebrated of Island Kahunas.

CHAPTER X

THE KAHUNA PASSES

It is easier, infinitely, to find a needle in a haystack than a *kahuna* in Hawaii. A *kahuna*, be it known, is a relic of the ancient priesthood—a doctor, a wizard, an impostor, a faith-curer, sometimes a bard, always a sooth-sayer. The *kahuna's* medical theory he shares with the Chinese, preparing a feast of pig and *awa* which, eaten by the relatives of the patient, acts only by indirection. Probably the sick one is more likely to recover than if this *pot-pourri* were fed to him. Sometimes the witch-doctor prescribes a dip in the surf for fever; the effect may be imagined.

The *kahunas* are a class *tabu* in modern, republican, Americanized Hawaii, even as they were feared, honored, and respected in old Hawaii. Everything that was loved in the old is hated in the new, and *vice versa*. The *kahuna* is proscribed and prosecuted under the law of these years of grace and freedom of religious belief, as a doctor who practices medicine without a license. Let him hang a talisman about the neck of a patient, and it is all right; but let him prescribe a diet of herbs or a broth of leaves, and the law is upon him. The patients of other doctors die, and no one wonders; but let the patient of a *kahuna* droop and wither, and the law exacts its life for a life.

It is because he is so persistently misunderstood that the *kahuna* flees from a white man as he would from the plague. He is afraid of bleached faces, and the presence of a *wahine haole* (foreign woman) at his shrine sends his gods away from home. One *kahuna* assured me gravely that after I had visited him, his gods refused for a week to hear his prayers.

The days I wasted hunting *kahunas* might have been spent in a better cause, I am assured by a prosperous churchman. I believe he is right. For instance, I might have visited schools; but to my persistency and bad taste I am indebted for one of the most fascinating experiences of my stay in Hawaii.

In my first search I was led by a will-o'-the-wisp hackman, who pretended to be omniscient. Yes, he knew a *kahuna*—knew him well—a great and good and holy man. He lived in one of the valleys back of Honolulu, and might he take me up? He might, and he did. We went out through the Portuguese quarter, and suddenly flung ourselves into a steep and narrow defile in the hills, so rocky and so rough that the cab wheels might have been climbing Jacob's ladder, such was the jolting. It misted gently all the way, and the sun, shining in behind us through the rifted rocks, threw fairy rainbows across the valley, spanning it like the many arches of Mirza's dream. All the people in this happy valley were Hawaiians. Women in *holukus*, very much tucked up, washed serenely in a gutter by the roadside. Children, nearly naked, scampered along by us, for evidently carriages did not often pass that way. Girls on horseback, bareheaded and barefooted, acted as our outriders. Their bare legs stuck out at either side, and their *holokus*

floated behind them like the winged *pau*, the old riding-dress that has disappeared from the islands.

We stopped before a tumble-down shack, and the driver clambered out. Only women appeared to be at home in the valley, and the Amazonian relatives of the *kahuna* poured out of the shanty. *Kahunaism*, unlike other priestly professions, does not seem to be profitable in this Edenic valley. The women of the *kahuna* were as mad-looking as my imagination had painted the master of sorcery. There was a young girl with matted hair and the mark of Ethiopia in her face. She was followed by her mother, an aged and wrinkled crone with flowing white locks—a woman who could have played a Macbeth witch without a make-up. They said that the *kahuna* had gone to the top of a neighboring peak to tend his herb-garden. He sometimes remained away a week. The sight of silver did not tempt them to send for him. He must not be disturbed at his herb-gathering, else his charms would not work. I looked at the cloud-draped mountain whither this mysterious Elijah had retired, but it was inaccessible to man or beast. It was covered with a jungle of creepers, and without knowing the path, it would take two weeks for a man and an ax to penetrate its fastnesses. The *kahuna* might as well have been in Samoa.

Of course the women promised to send me word when he came down, and of course they did nothing of the sort. On my way through the valley I stopped at some of the native houses and questioned the inmates. They heard me with a smile and a shrug, and denied severally that they believed in *kahunas*. And yet every one of them, at serious illness in the family, would send

first for the *kahuna*, and then for a doctor; and if the patient died, the blame would go to the doctor, and if he recovered, the credit would go to the *kahuna* and his prayers, and to the black pig of his sacrifice.

The next hunt for a *kahuna* took me through city ways, down narrow streets and twisted turnings. It was almost as successful as the other. My friend the deputy-marshal sent me word that he had a *kahuna* for me. Before we started he showed me a stone image of *Kuula*, the fishermen's god, to whom the natives pray before they go fishing. It weighed two hundred pounds, and he had taken it from an old woman who lived out Waikiki way. She had treated a patient with the steeped leaves of the *taro*, and the woman had died from the effects; but as the *kahuna* was old, and the poisoning could not be proved, they had torn her idol from her and had bade her sin no more.

The idol was about three feet high, with a rough head, hewn by hand. It looked inoffensive, and I failed to see why the woman could not keep her plaything. It could not possibly injure any one. In the jail-yard I saw two more creatures of *kahunaism* — two men of Kauai who helped to burn a woman to death at the bequest of a *kahuna*. All of which shows how sincere is the native disavowal of belief in these things.

It was a long way to our *kahuna's* house, up and down dale, across *Nuuanu* stream, through a country lane sweetly bordered, and to a back gate which was locked. We left our carriage to climb a freshly painted stile, scale a gate, and thread a maze of back yards.

At the *kahuna's* house all was quiet. The doors were locked and the windows closed. We peeped and

peered, but no living thing was visible. We roused the neighborhood, and a friendly key gained us admittance. The *kahuna* had fled. There was his altar, hurriedly swept bare, and his fires still burning. The altar was covered with a red cloth — the priestly color since the old days — but not a stone god had escaped the hurried departure. The *kahuna* had left fine mats on the floor and his four-post *koa* bed, but he himself had gone. His gods had warned him that a foreign woman was coming, so he chose as his city of refuge the ex-Queen's garden, and as I did not care for him without his setting, we left him in peace.

There is another *kahuna* at the other side of the town. We dashed across the city without noticing the trees glorious with the scarlet bloom of the *ponciana regia*. We scarcely dared think of our destination, for fear the stone gods which never sleep would warn this man too that we were coming. Our route took us past the old Kawaiaho church, in the sacred shadow of which our magician dwelt unafraid. We made inquiries for the *kahuna*. The natives whom we asked eyed us doubtfully. They knew the man, but they thought that perhaps he might have moved. It was a charming study of loyalty — the loyalty which circumstances keep the natives from showing to their hereditary chiefs, and which they have transferred to their hereditary priests, whose stock is dwindling out in these aged *kahunas*. In another generation the race of the *kahuna* will have been run. Like so many other things in Hawaii, he is finished — *pau*, as the Hawaiians say.

You will not lack for Americans to scoff at *kahunas*, and to tell you that none of those now alive is genuine.

They will even deny that the old *kahunas* were ever sincere. It is merely a species of religious intolerance. Though a people of many gods, the Hawaiians had a fairly well-defined Trinity before the Bible came to the islands; and if they sacrificed human victims on their temple altars, was there not an Abraham? The priests were a hereditary and highly revered class — sacred next to the kings, and sometimes much more worthy than royalty. In the old days they frequently took the part of the people against the oppression of the chiefs, and the temple *tabus* and rights of the priests did not give way even to the king himself. Nor is there a record of a single disloyal priest who ever tried to usurp kingly power.

The *kahunas* were revered like other men who have the power of life and death. Even now you can see a trace of the old feeling as a *kahunu* passes on the street, known by the scarlet handkerchief he wears about his neck. Within his house he is gay as a flamingo, but on the street he does not dare show more than a glimpse of the sacerdotal color. There is no doubt that many of the *kahunas* of modern days, especially the younger ones, are fakirs, and dangerous ones, too. But I have heard of quack doctors, even in such a free and enlightened country as America, and it seems to me that these, in their time, have killed more patients than all the *kahunas* in Hawaii.

At last we were before the vine-covered abode of our elusive quarry. I remained outside so as not to alarm him. Two frightened native women came to the door. The one we were seeking was not at home, they said. Questioned more closely, they protested that he was not

a *kahuna*, and almost fell on their trembling knees as they denied that they would harbor such a one. He was a poor, inoffensive old man, they said. They could not believe that we meant him no harm, and they besought us to go and leave him in peace. Just then I saw a bent brown shape flit from the rear door and bury itself in the shade of the wild bananas. I felt sure it was the object of our search, but I had no heart to pursue him. He looked so dejected, and it seemed to me that we had done harm enough for one day.

My next *kahuna* hunt took me into the hills midway between Honolulu and Waikiki where lives a very old woman versed in witchcraft and the black arts. She it was to whom the stone *Kuula* in the jail belonged, and her recantation and repentance were said not to have been even skin-deep. I had been given careful directions as to how to reach the place — turn to the left at the stone bridge under the big shade-trees, then two miles straight into the heart of the hills to the native village where Kana lived. Now, a woman *kahuna* is something of a rarity. The priests in Hawaii were all sons of Aaron, and the magic attributes were not supposed to descend to the daughters of the house. But Kana is the last of her race, and her fame as one able to pray to death an enemy and to heal the sick, has filled all the countryside these many years. Her patrons are many and her victims few. When she escaped prosecution for the death of the woman who died of eating the wrong end of the *taro*, she promised to turn from the evil of her way, but you might as well dream of turning back the tide of the Pacific as of keeping the natives from their *kahunas*.

I found the village to be mostly whitewashed cottages with corrugated iron roofs, but in one of two thatched and tumble-down abodes Kana lived. I was too wise to knock. I could hear voices; so I boldly pushed open the door and entered. Ah, what a sight! In one corner of the hut was an altar covered with red calico, and on it were little stone gods — pieces of volcanic rock worn round and smooth — pitiful little *Kuulas* set up in place of the big fine one in Honolulu jail, doing penance for the sins of Kana.

The only light came from burning *kukui*-nuts and from a flaming rag set in a small calabash of grease in the old, old primitive way. And there was Kana herself, clad in a few yards of *kapa* cloth, in which she had wound herself after the fashion of her ancestors. From the waist up her shrunken body was naked, and the brown skin was shirred and gathered in little pleats and wrinkles, where the flesh had faded away beneath it. She was posturing before the altar, intoning a sort of prayer, throwing her arms above her head, and tearing at her wild gray locks. She was feeding *awa* and brandy to her gods, and they, being incorporeal, ate and drank only the aroma, leaving the *awa* and the strong waters to be absorbed by the devotee before the shrine. She was so engrossed that she did not see me at first, and the melancholy intoning and posturing continued. I learned afterward that she was engaged in praying some one to death, and that a lock of the victim's hair — the bait, as they call it, — reposed on the altar.

Just then my shadow fell across the lurid shelf and Kana turned and saw me. With a wild shriek she recognized a stranger. More swiftly than I describe it,

swifter than anything but a shaft of light, she turned and sped past me, out through the door and away among the trees, the *kapa* streaming behind her as she fled screaming like one possessed. At the sound, Kanakas swarmed from their huts, and for a little there was wild hubbub in that village. I felt as though I were in the heart of Africa instead of, at that moment, on American soil.

We have annexed some queer things.

But my hack-driver was within call, and I pocketed my fears, explaining to the natives who crowded about, that I meant no harm, and had accidentally disturbed the sorceress at her work. My third *kahuna* had been at least visible, though I had had no speech with her. I knew that she would steal back in the night to remove her gods and that that place would know her no more.

My next *kahuna* came to me—in itself a suspicious circumstance. A gentle rat-tat came at my door, and a soft native voice said, "You want a *kahuna?*" I still wanted one; so I admitted the raven. He was a poor old man with bare feet, tattered overalls, and a ragged straw hat. His only decent garment was a sweater, and this was of *kahuna* red.

I was doubtful of this uninvited guest, but he said, looking stealthily around, "I a great *kahuna.* I make people love you. I pray your enemies to death. You tell no one, for they arrest me and put me in jail."

This was the genus *kahuna*, species fortune-teller. He asked to see my palm, and pondered long and faithfully over it, muttering to himself in Hawaiian. I asked if I could not go to his house, but he seemed unwilling. I am convinced that he had none, though, perhaps, like

the others, he wished to protect his altar from disturbing presences. He asked for a basin of water, and rejected several until a great bowl gave the desired flat surface. Then, from a lean and hungry purse, he took some strange flowers with an odor deadly sweet. I had never seen such flowers before. Throwing them in the water, he stirred it with a lean brown forefinger, murmuring the while a native prayer. A soft scum appeared on the water, then a film, and then a cloud, the whole taking on strange shapes, like vapor-forms building and unbuilding in the sky. Covering the water with a red silk handkerchief, he allowed the waves he had caused to subside and the ferment he had made to settle. Uncovering it, he pretended to read from the cloud-forms my future, telling me the same rosy tale that is told and re-told by fortune-tellers in more enlightened lands—all the things that a normal person is supposed to want.

Again he dropped his voice. Had I any enemies I wanted prayed to death? He was a *kahuna anaana*, and could do that also, only, of course, he must do it at home and in secret. I refused to nominate mine enemy, but he insisted and seemed not to comprehend when I said that I thought living a worse punishment than dying. When he did finally understand, he seemed to think me scarcely a safe person to do business with. But as I absolutely declined to furnish the nail-paring or the lock of hair, without which *mauna*, or bait, the *kahuna anaana* can do nothing, he gave me a melancholy smile and took his departure, but not before he had given me a little talismanic bag, said to be a sure prophylactic against evil. On dissection, I found it to contain not the vampire's "rag and a bone and a hank of hair," but a tooth

and a bone and a pinch of sand. And when I asked his fee for all this rose-colored future and this talismanic protection, he mentioned the sum of twenty-five cents. If I had been inclined to trust him before, that settled it. A decent old fellow, no doubt, made a quack by his necessities. This is the sort of *kahuna* the stranger must beware of in Honolulu. The few genuine ones in the city are so law-wise that no American has ever been admitted into their presence. All the influence in the world would not accomplish it; and as for their prayers, any of the native-born whites can recite you a yard of them.

I dropped the unprofitable study of witch-doctors until I left Honolulu and the region where the law against practicing medicine without a license is vigorously enforced. On the island of Hawaii, I found the very prince of *kahunas*—a dyed-in-the-wool old medicine-man, with all the picturesque accessories of his guild. His fame is as broad as the island, and from Punaluu to Hilo the country rings with his praises. Eighteen miles from Honuapo dwells Kaumualii, greatest of living *kahunas*, and last lineal descendant of the great Paao, the high priest who came from Tahiti in the eleventh century. Kaumualii has all the fame he wants, and his patients go to or send for him from all over the country. But he is full of years and honors now, and perhaps by this writing, the famous king of *kahunas*, Hawaii's Old Man of the Mountain, is dead.

My hostess, whose father was a chief, and whose house is always honored when royalty journeys that way, took me to him. Driving straight into the mountains from the prosperous plantation-house, we came suddenly upon the

most charming of native villages, nestling in a crotch of the hills, a village so picturesque, so primitive, so old, and so unsullied by the new, that I, who had given up finding anything unspoiled in Hawaii, quite lost my breath. It was a prosperous-looking place, in spite of its brownness and its air of the antique, and here, untouched by civilization, lives the prince of *kahunas*, the last of his race in Hawaii.

The natives told me all about him — how he was the chief man of the village, how he doctored them in illness, and how he advised them in time of stress. He is so honest that when they take him money for his ministrations he lays it on the altar, and if, after praying, the gods refuse to listen, and he can do nothing for them, he returns the money. Could any licensed practitioner do more?

The Hawaiian belief was, and to a large extent still is, that all forms of sickness and disease are caused by evil spirits. With these spirits the *kahunas* hold communication, hence their power. The most advanced Hawaiians have grown away from the superstition, but the tenacity of it in country districts is as amazing as are some cherished superstitions of our own land.

I was received at the *kahuna's* house with the simple dignity of a man who wears only a breech-clout of red, but considers it full-dress. He was very old — so old that he had lost his majestic straightness of back, which in a Hawaiian is the last thing to go. Over his knees the dark skin wrinkled deeply, while his sparse gray hairs fell over his meager shoulders. But his eyes were piercing as a hawk's, black and fearless, as though accustomed to look unblinking into the future.

I had heard of one woman whom this old man had recently prayed, not to death, but into a madhouse—and when I saw his eyes, I did not wonder that she went down under their baleful gleam. The woman in the asylum had a dispute over land with another. The insane woman won the case, and her defeated opponent threatened openly to have Kaumualii pray the successful litigator to death. The threat was quite enough. In all "praying to death," suggestion plays a large part. The prospective victim was a Christian, and educated. Her friends and relatives reasoned and argued with her in vain. She worried over it, grew thinner and weaker, and finally lost her reason. Such cases are not at all rare in Hawaii.

Skeptics say that vegetable poisons figure actively in these "prayings to death," and that the *kahunas* were, and are, professional murderers, learned as the Borgias in all deadly arts. Kaumualii is supposed to have in his possession a portion of the poison-tree famed in Hawaiian annals. On that point alone he was silent.

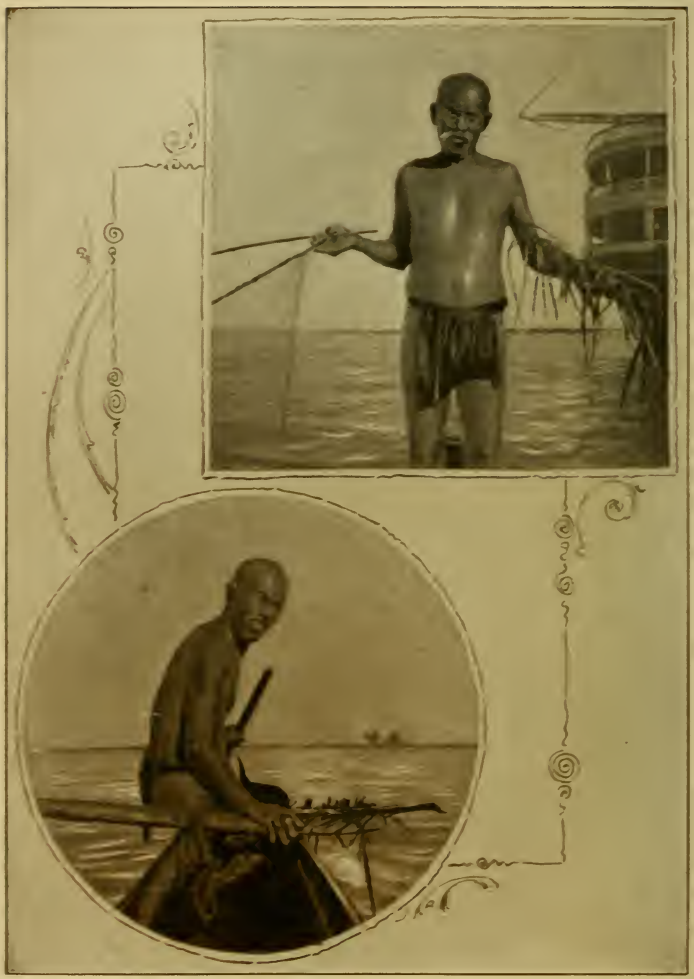
But there were other and pleasanter things to hear of this old man marvelous—how he had made the dead come back to their old habitations by catching the departed spirit and forcing it back into the dead body. I asked him to do it, that I might see, but he said that there was no one dead in the village, and that it was only occasionally the gods would permit him to so upset the scheme of the universe. But he would tell me his methods.

The manner is as old as the story of Lazarus, and fabulous tales of it have come down from the earliest Hawaiian days. First, catch your spirit; next, pry up

the nail of the great toe, slip the spirit underneath, and begin a vigorous massage. There is great difficulty in getting the spirit past the ankle and knee-joints, but vigorous rubbing will do it. At last, when the spirit reaches the heart, that organ begins to beat again and the deed is done, the dead one is raised up. There is no doubt that certain cases of suspended animation have been successfully treated in this fashion, hence the superstition. The massage to restore the circulation is the most vigorous process imaginable. It is seldom resorted to in later days, and when unsuccessful, the *kahuna* lays the blame to the gods, which is a very convenient and simple device, and not confined to Polynesia.

The gods of Kaumualii were ordinary, and his prayers unintelligible, but his glance burned like fire, and his touch was like the pricking of electric needles. He had the pagan indifference to death, and I wondered if the Christian doctrine of future punishment had aught to do with the fearsome dying of the West. The old *kahuna*, with his old gods and his old ways, seemed the better philosopher.

Very soon those who call the *kahunas* poisoners will need to seek new texts. The sorcerer-priests are passing from Hawaii as they passed long ago from Europe, and as the witch craze passed from America. Far be it from those who have the Salem page in their history to throw the first stone.



The Diver.

CHAPTER XI

THE DIVER

I WAS up with the sun, or before him, which is difficult in more northern lands, but easy enough in this, and because I was an early bird I had the proverbial reward. The worm came in a canoe to the side of the steamer, rocking idly on the smooth water that laps Hawaii's lee. In the background was a pretty village of green and brown, with waving cocoanut tops and a white, incongruous New England steeple pricking through the green and aspiring heavenward in a place where earth is beautiful enough to make pagans of us all.

My friend, the missionary, deeply learned in Hawaiian lore and somewhat tolerant of affection for the Polynesian, was at my side and caught for me the brown old fisher, who came sweeping himself over the glassy swell with a paddle for all the world like a broom — a sort of Mr. Aleshine, by my faith.

There ensued a conversation in Hawaiian between the spectacled scholar on deck and the fisherman with bright old eyes, once brown, but now faded and rimmed with violet. Hawaiian conversation ripples on in vowels interminable, with a meager consonant here and there by way of guide-post. The traveler was asking the fisherman if he would take the foreign woman to fish with him, and the fisher was saying that he would — for a consideration.

Our communication was confined to salutations. I could say "*aloha*" and he "good-by," and so we formed a conversational equation. Before the sun had so much as shown the rim of his rosy face, I was over the side and down the steep ladder to where the canoe lay rocking. My friends, not missionaries, did not wholly approve.

"He may hold you up," they suggested, heartlessly; "best leave your purse aboard."

Other friendly advice in this wise was shouted after me as I went down. Happily my fisherman was deaf to American gibes. I did not think of faltering, and went straight on to where the tiny boat rose to meet me and then dropped away a few feet, and selecting the proper moment, half leaped, half fell into the canoe. It was scarce twenty inches wide, hollowed out of a single trunk, and it dated from those wondrous days when the war fleets of Kamehameha crossed the sea in swarms — just such fragile little canoes as these in the choppy inter-island channels. On one side was an outrigger, made of limbs, giving the boat a marvelous steadiness. The old man beamed at me from the other end, and if we could not converse, we could at least smile and beck and nod, and use our hands — his eloquent, mine awkward, in the language of good will that is universal.

The broom-like paddle scooped us along with amazing velocity. The boat was barely wide enough for me to sit, and I heard dimly behind me, as we left the steamer astern:

"He 'll be as modest as most fishermen."

It was the voice of the missionary, and I smiled at the inherited prudishness of Boston, lasting through two generations. I had heard of black bottles, and of fishes

caught with a silver hook. A propensity for falsifying I knew of, but I did not recollect any brand of modesty belonging peculiarly to fishermen. Presently the words came back to me.

My boatman's name was Kupaka, and I thought that if he showed an intention to do me to death or take me where I did not wish to go, I should conjure him by calling his name thrice in a loud tone of voice. But he was mild as honeydew, and my word, which he did not understand, was his law.

The ship we had left behind assumed trim lines, and details faded out. She was a mile astern when a queer thing happened. Kupaka stood up at his end of the boat and took off his hat, and I discovered that he was going back to that stage of undressed blessedness which existed before the missionaries came. It was all very deftly done. It reminded me of that painful moment at the circus when the tight-rope walker, ascending to his perch in street-clothes, slides out of them as a snake sheds his skin, only to emerge in pink tights. Remembering the ultimate pink tights, with a faith born of many circuses, I waited, and presently Kupaka, who had never once glanced at me, and who had behaved as though disrobing on the high seas was the most common thing in life, emerged in a beautiful brown skin, with a red *malo* neatly and becomingly knotted around him, and made me ashamed of my doubts and my self-consciousness.

He was an old man — sixty-two, he told me afterward — and his head was quite bald on top and what was left of his hair was gray, but his brown skin was of satiny texture and fitted him smoothly as a boy's. Seeing Kupaka in a *malo*, and seeing Kupaka in his clothes, a

lean, unslippered pantaloon, I wondered that he had ever been prevailed upon to adopt our garments and decrease his attractiveness by a full hundred per cent. While I was thinking these thoughts, Kupaka paddled slowly. Behind us the sun was coming up above the long slope of Hualalai mountain, making the water into a huge silver platter. I was lost in the beauty of the sun and the exquisite green landscape that had suddenly been gilded in all its high lights, but Kupaka had his eyes bent on the green water. It seemed to be about twelve feet deep where we were, a bright, delicate green, and so clear that you could see the jagged top of the reef, which everywhere, except where the fresh streams have flowed from the mountains and killed it, guards these beautiful shores.

Kupaka stood upright and laid down his paddle. By this time we were on the reef and almost in the breakers, and I was wondering if my meager skill at canoeing would suffice to take me back to where the Mauna Loa rode so securely at anchor. Suddenly Kupaka made an exclamation that was principally a grunt. He seized in his left hand a small net, stiffened at the top like a butterfly net, and in his right hand a long palm-leaf, something the worse for wear. He stepped on the edge of the canoe, the out-rigger mercifully balancing us, and, hovering there for an instant, dived over the edge, palm-leaf, net, and all. Fascinated, I too gazed into the green depths. I could see him going down, down, the brown legs jerking out behind him with a froglike motion. I saw a school of unconscious fish. They were playing in the reef, darting out and in of what may have been their cave dwellings, for aught I know, recking nothing of this

robber of the reef. Down, down, down, Kupaka went, and I who had been breathless, began to count slowly, in time to the ticking of a watch. Kupaka was doing queer things in these interminable seconds. He was using his palm-leaf as housewives use fly-brushes. He was actually dusting the reef, and brushing the little fish into the open mouth of his net, which he held in the other hand. My monotonous counting had progressed to sixty and I feared for the breath of my fisherman. At last the surface rippled, and the bald brown head came out. As soon as his mouth was above water, Kupaka gave a yell that was a war-whoop loud enough to wake the echoes in the distant rocks. He was treading water now, his eyes red from being open under water, and his lungs drinking in the blessed air. The palm-leaf and the net were still in his hand, and with them he swam to the boat, for he had come up at some distance from the place where he went down, and the canoe had drifted while I, absorbed, watched this wonderful performance on the reef.

Signaling to me to bend over the outrigger, and thus trim the boat, he climbed in, and for the first time I saw what manner of sea-treasures he had brought back. He had seven fish in his net, and he counted them slowly aloud. He was proud of them, and no wonder. There were six *manini*, a reef-fish of delicate flavor and a beautiful striped body of white and black, and one *kihikihi* or sea-cock, most exquisite of reef denizens. This fish is round as a balloon, with broad transverse bands of black and canary, and a long transparent ribbon, attached to the nose. The hues of a yellowjacket or a gorgeous Japanese butterfly are his, and in the water the long pale ribbon floating from the nose makes a train of iridescence.

After a while the long gelatinous ribbon dries up, but the delicate colors of the sea-cock never fade. He is far too beautiful to eat. Who would not be beautiful, spending a life under the warm, bright water, sporting in coral groves?

Six times in half an hour Kupaka spied fish and descended to their realm, his smallest catch being three. Each time he came up puffing, but with breath enough to give the tremendous shout with which his lungs rejoiced again to be in their own element. At last the canoe was carpeted with shiny creatures, beautiful as humming-birds or butterflies, and we paddled back to the Mauna Loa where prosaic people were eating prosaic breakfasts, and the missionary was waiting to ask how I enjoyed my fishing trip.

I begged him to ask Kupaka to sit still for a moment. I had tried many times to take his picture as he went over the side with his palm-leaf fan and his netted *ululu*, but he had always been too quick for me or the rising sun had been shining straight into my camera's eye. When he was made to understand, Kupaka was delighted to be photographed, dripping *malo*, polished skin, and all.

Twice again I saw him. That afternoon I visited him at his cottage, a neat frame house, with a basement where the family lives, and an upper story, reached by outside stairs, where they entertain guests. They thought it as strange that I should be more interested in the common basement than in the conventional upper rooms as my American friends thought it strange that I should care to go to the house at all.

Kupaka the host is interesting, but Kupaka the fisher, in his canoe and his *malo*, is infinitely more so. He is in

his native element in the water, and the house and the civilized garb fit him not at all. The rooms are a dream of fine mats, in which my feet sank inches deep. He showed me his ancestral pipe, handed down from generations, and in use just at that moment between the lips of his wife, Makahai. He showed me his many and wonderful hooks, each to suit the taste of a different fish, his wonderful bait, some of sea-eggs and some of seaweed especially prepared. He showed me his spear with which he dives into the water and spears fish from below, sometimes impaling two and three in a single lunge. Then he took me upstairs and showed me the carved four-poster *koa* bed in the room that is to spare, and where he told me, through the missionary, I should sleep when I came to visit them, and I promised him that I would surely come, perfidious wretch that I am! I saw on his walls the photographs of Kalakaua and Liliuokalani and Lunalilo, through all of whose reigns and more Kupaka has lived. There was also a picture of Kaiulani, in whom the hopes of the Hawaiians were bound up, and of whom he said something with tears in his eyes — something that my missionary friend forgot to translate.

I was allowed to peep into the *umu*, or underground oven, outside where the *taro* and the fish for Kupaka's household are baked in *ti*-leaves; and I was allowed to make a picture of his granddaughter, who came riding astride on a little burro which took the stone fence as easily as if it had been a hurdle. After tasting of all these family secrets, I was decked with a *lei* of tuberose — a yard of concentrated perfume — and allowed to go with the distinct promise that I should come again

some day and be their guest and go fishing every morning over the reef, where Kupaka gravely informed me that he sometimes got sixty fish at a single catch, whereupon I recognized him as a true fisherman and a member of the universal brotherhood. They followed me down to the stone stile, all of them, and we parted with mutual protestations of affection. I presume I could have been adopted into the family had I cared to stay, and I must say that I parted from Kupaka with sincere regret.

Afterward I found him to be the last of the Mohicans — the last of those expert fishermen who once haunted the reef on Hawaii's lee. The new generation is lazily content to sit in a boat and fish with rod and line, and in a few years the lonely reef will know no more the dextrous brown men who came down to rob the nests of the fish.

Later I was again off that very spot near Kailua, on the Kona coast, where I first met Kupaka. There was no time to go to the house nor to sleep in the *koa* bed under the picture of Kaiulani, for civilization was calling me and I was soon to leave natureland. So I avoided Kupaka and skulked by groups where I thought he might be; for I knew if he saw me he would attempt to carry me off — he and Makahai, his wife — and that American protests and explanations would be in vain.

I thought I was safe. I was in a great boat, crowded with passengers, midway between the landing and the Kinau, and in a few moments I would have been safe. The Kinau was steaming and puffing to be gone. The whistle had blown, and we were the last boat. In a few moments we would be up and away, and I should be gazing my last at Kailua, which I had grown to love

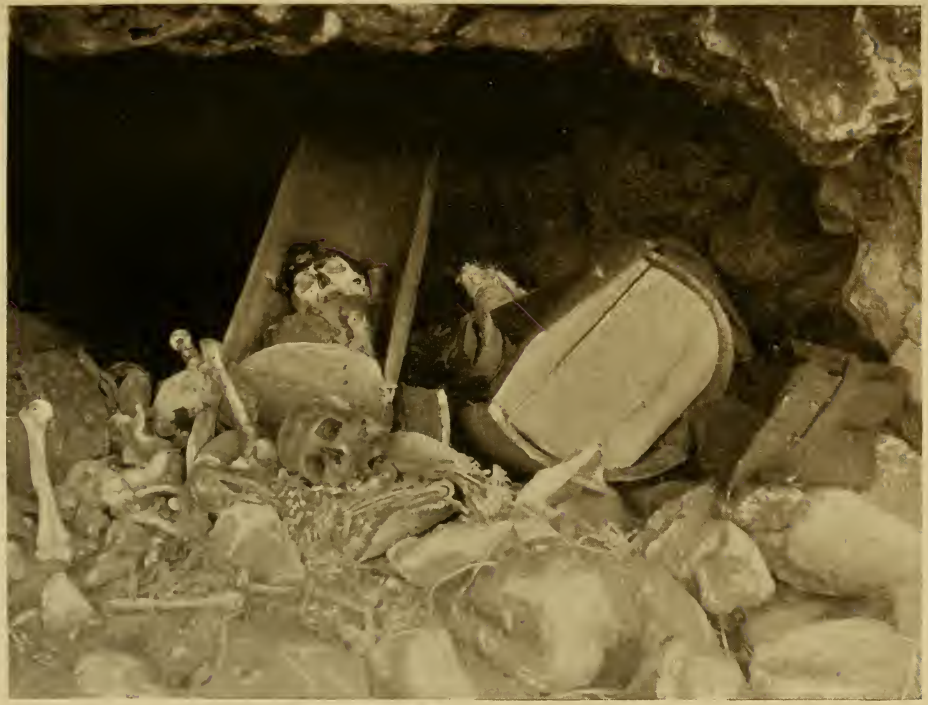
very much indeed. Just then, as I was saying a silent farewell to the pretty bay and the distant cot of Kupaka, a slender canoe came alongside. There was Kupaka in the full glory of his wardrobe of three pieces, trousers, shirt, and hat. I sank down in the boat behind a stout gentleman with broad shoulders, but too late. Kupaka's canoe dropped astern, for we had a dozen oarsmen at least. All at once he saw me. He greeted me with that fierce yell with which he always rose with his prey from the sea, and then he began paddling for dear life and closing the distance between us. It was no use. We reached the Kinau first, and I was the first one up the stairs — fleeing from the fatal fascination of barbarism. The simple life was so pleasant and easy, that I was afraid I might spend my life without regret in sleepy Kailua and be regularly adopted among the other grandchildren of Kupaka. He came to the side of the steamer, took off his hat, stood up in the boat and held out his hands imploringly, asking me in a hundred melodious words why I had not come to the cottage as I had promised. He promised to fish early and late, and all day if I liked, and Makahai would cook the fish the way I liked them best, and I should ride on his granddaughter's burro, and the cottage at Kailua should be mine to do as I liked with. Had I dared to look back, I should have been lost as irretrievably as Lot's wife. So I hardened my heart, and left him pleading.

CHAPTER XII

PICTURESQUE OAHU

EVER since the first whites came to Honolulu, the Pali trip has been the famous excursion, and so it will remain as long as there is an eye that loves a view or a heart to be moved by a magnificent outlook. I had thought that the prospect from the castle-walls of Chapultepec, overlooking the broad and populous valley of Mexico, was the most beautiful of my seeing, but even this famous picture pales in the light that streams from the Pali. The Pali view is not of white cities and of the works of man, but a scene of nature's handiwork, and it must have been as beautiful as it is now since first Oahu, like Venus, rose from the sea, and drew over herself the green mantle that now covers her. A red road winding below in snarls impossible to untangle, cane plantations plotted in fresh, pale greens, the distant Mormon settlement with its white houses, and a straggling village that is called a town, are part of a view which would be quite as beautiful without them.

The road up the Pali has been built at government expense, and the cost per square yard is ascertainable. Personally, I am not interested in road construction, except to be glad that the road is built. Indeed, I would cheerfully walk up the Pali if there were no other way. Walking parties go up almost every day, and bicycles



Hawaiian Burial Caves.

make the tour, though it is by no means a good route for wheeling, being rocky from Honolulu to the summit, and a stiff climb, with a swift descent down the other side. The Pali road leads through Nuuanu Valley, most famous of Honolulu dales. It was settled by early foreign residents, and some of the finest gardens and most comfortable homes are still to be found there. Many of the trees are not indigenous, and the whole valley is a mass of sun-saturated foliage. The Nuuanu Valley is that famous place where it rains on one side of the street and shines on the other, and a half-dozen rainbows are frequently tangled there at one time. We look in astonishment at the lacelike foliage of the algaroba, the mesquite of the Southwest, with its sweet pods that cattle love. Except for it and the Australian eucalyptus, that nomad among the trees, there is no growth that is familiar. The *hau*-tree is in blossom, its flowers like pale-yellow poppies, all of crape, with brown velvet centers. The tree is not good for anything, and like many other absolutely good-for-nothing things in this world, is very good to look at. It is too crooked to be used for firewood, and it helps to form dense thickets, when knit together with a prolific trailer and the wild morning-glory, through which nothing except a man with an ax can go, and he but slowly. There are plenty of these absolutely impassable thickets up this road in the Nuuanu Valley.

This is the place to see the perfection of the bread-fruit-tree, which sounds so Edenic and absolutely delicious. It has always reminded me of the manna that fell upon the children of Israel, which tasted like anything you please — ice-cream and candy to some, and caviar sandwiches and salad to others. The breadfruit is a

superb tree, often sixty feet high, with leaves a foot broad, sharply cut, dark-green and shining, and of exceedingly beautiful form. The pale-green fruit comes out in daintiest contrast. Then there is the *papaya*, with its soft indented stem, which runs up to a height of from fifteen to thirty feet, to be crowned by a circle of large indented leaves with long foot-stalks, and among, as well as considerably below them, the fruit in all stages of development. Some of it is always ripe, bright yellow, and about the size of a muskmelon. Above all are the slender shafts of the coco-palm, bending in imaginary breezes, and waving plumes and perpetual fruitage. Every house has its natural lawn, with ferns from Hawaii, bright-colored foliage plants, an abundance of flowers, especially lilies, and fragrant climbers, such as stephanotis, clematis, and jasmine. Whole hedges are of night-blooming cereus, and it is one of the sights to come up when the huge white cacti are in bloom. Everything is found except the rose and the violet. The roses are all killed by a Japanese beetle, and violets are the objects of tenderest solicitude.

The road leads past the royal mausoleums, where the Kamehamehas and the Keaweaheulus rest in peace, and also past the foreign cemetery. Higher up come *taro*-patches, each plant growing on a small hillock surrounded by water, and houses where fruit is for sale at little stands. In the distance are small gray-green patches which are pineapple-fields, and excellent pineapples are for sale at the gates at five cents apiece. There are figs and grapes, imported by the Portuguese who are not happy without their own vines and fig-trees. Now and then you pass a native's cottage, with a *taro*-patch and

a large bed of carnations — red, pink, and white — cultivated for the *lei* trade. An occasional white flag indicates a *poi* factory. Native girls on horseback, one behind the other, with bare feet in Mexican stirrups, *leis* around neck and hair, and saddle-bags in front of them, dash past. Women in *holokus*, with bare feet, ride past, all of them astride. The young Kanaka girls are visions of white teeth, bright eyes, fresh flowers, and bare legs. Along the sides of the road are native women in clean *holokus*, with bright red *hibiscus* flowers in their hair, quite in the old style. This is the country.

In the region of perpetual showers, the ground is covered with a fine grass, brilliant as Kentucky blue-grass, but of a more tender springlike green. It is really a turf, and it covers the bare brown backs of the hills and hides the savage marks of primitive volcanoes. Near by are little dales filled with ferns, their long fronds tipped with brown and red. The young leaves, not yet unfolded, are crimson. Everywhere is the candlenut, the wild banana, and a few coco-palms — natives of Oahu — mixed with yellow flowers that look and smell like yuccas, but are not. A few natives live in this higher part of the valley, and little brown boys pick the yellow flowers, and may be seen almost hidden in the long grass in which they have made hollows like birds'-nests, stringing the odorous blossoms into *leis*.

The road becomes rockier and steeper, the ferns and thickets more numerous, the cultivated places fewer, and long wisps of waterfalls slide silently over the precipice. There is a quiet lake of a reservoir, and here the chill breeze from over the Pali strikes you, and you put on a wrap for the first time since arriving in Honolulu. The

branches of the trees have clothed themselves in heavy garments of moss, and are garlanded with big blue morning-glories; streams dash along by the roadside, and the cool green wilderness seems like the temperate zone. In these altitudes all moisture is condensed, and the warm steam of Honolulu is utterly forgotten. The valley narrows and the mountains close in like walls. The gray rock rises suddenly from a sea of green, quite bare and naked to its summit, which is broken up into pinnacles and needles.

A thousand feet below you lies Honolulu-by-the-sea, a fringe of masts in the bay, and Diamond Head in the distance. The colors are beautiful, from the pea-green water near the shore, to the purples and reds beyond where the surf breaks white over the coral reef that protects the shore better than any armed fleet could do. Suddenly a cold and boisterous wind seizes you. Through a gash in the rocks, you come suddenly upon the wonderful view of windward Oahu. It is the top of Pali. The picture is framed at either side with immense masses of black, ferruginous volcanic rock, nearly perpendicular for hundreds of feet. It extends on either side for miles, this backbone of the island, a lofty mass of rock with a top broken into strange and fantastic peaks and pinnacles, as though Nature had blown hot and blown cold, and left this mass of molten material to cool as it would. The Pali is a wall from the windward side, without the gradual approach that leads from Honolulu. It is buttressed by nature, and these buttresses are covered with green. Huge trees on the floor of the plain look like moss from this altitude. It is like the Palisades along the Hudson, only infinitely more rugged

and fierce. Far beyond is the ocean with a ridge of smaller hills along its edge, and the plains between, said to have been originally the bottom of an ocean lake, were filled in long since by the waste from the huge carcass of the Pali.

Windward Oahu is fascinating. Spread out below are considerable hills that become mere green ripples upon the surface of the earth, as though a wind had blown and ruffled the liquid land into tiny wavelets. The new road, a long red ribbon, winds down the mountain sides, picking its way and tying itself into bow-knots. The stretch below is fringed with coco-palms and clothed in green. The pale green marks the sugar plantations, with here and there the tall stack of a mill. There are white houses, and paths cut through dense thickets that guard the virgin soil. Far away, level as mirrors and placid as lakes, are the rice-fields, where blue sheets of water are traced with the green lines of the grasslike plants. From this height, the rice itself is invisible, except for the green tinge it gives to the water. It is an enchanted region, shut in by a wall of rock and an ocean of indigo. Some fragmentary islands dot the coast. Kanehe Bay is cut out with a long inland sweep, and Kanaloa Head, and Mokapu Point, are almost as beautiful as Diamond Head. The ocean, guiltless of sails, stretches in unruffled miles. Its coloring is exquisite — pale bright green near land, deepening to purple and red a little way out, then blue to the horizon. The coral reef, with its white and wavy line of endless surf, borders the other side of this dream country.

Just at hand a shelf of falling rock shows where the frightfully steep bridle-path, which was the only road for

ages, went down. It was said that no one but a drunken man could drive down this trail, and there is a tradition that such a one once took four horses down in safety. Mounted natives, guiding loaded pack-animals, and men in carts used to go over it, in spite of the fact that it has a slope of nearly forty-five degrees.

The Pali is the scene of one of the historic tragedies of this island. It was here that the forces of the last King of Oahu were driven over the precipice by Kamehameha the Great, who combined all the island sovereignties in his own person. Some seven thousand natives were forced up the Pali, over which they threw themselves in despair and madness, leaving Kamehameha master of the island. This is not a fable, for skulls are still picked up at the foot of the Pali, eight hundred feet below, and it used to be a pastime with Honolulu boys to go over the Pali on skull hunts.

There is a queer current of wind to study. It has been known to catch an untethered hat, carry it a hundred feet below the edge of the Pali, bring it back to hold it tantalizingly suspended in air above the owner's head and then deposit it gently on the road some fifty feet ahead. These antics are not played every day, and I would not advise an extravagant risking of hats in the pastime, but it is an interesting and quite common phenomenon.

The drive down is delightful, and much quicker than than the journey up. Most people go part way down the Pali on the other side, and by starting very early in the morning with a good team and a brake, I am told that the trip from ocean to ocean and back may be made in a day. Standing on the Pali, with the Pacific behind

you and the Pacific before you, you feel for the first time the smallness of the island. A sense of insecurity and distance never felt on a continent comes over you.

I turned my back on the Pali with distinct regret. In an instant the rugged gap in the hills closed, the rock curtain fell, and the view was blotted out. It was almost as though I had not peeped into dreamland, after all. To see this vision and not to go down into it, is like Moses having his glimpse of the promised land. As for me, I did not wish to go down. I would rather have my mind-picture of this spread-out loveliness than test its details for myself. The near-by view of the cane and rice, with bent-backed laborers sweating in the one, and patient, weary Chinese oxen, shaped like hippopotami, with centuries of ill-usage in their sad eyes, ploughing knee-deep in the mud of the other, would not be half as charming as the panorama from the calm, clear heights above. It is not well to explore dreams by daylight.

There are several other valley drives beside the one up Nuuanu. The roads are indifferently good, but each valley has its own particular charm, and each is beautiful.

The famous road to Waikiki is in the other direction from the Pali, a long, level, well-made causeway, ideal for bicycling, and with Kapiolani Park, Sans Souci, or Diamond Head as objective points. It is a fine climb into the ashy crater of Diamond Head, with a magnificent reward for the fatigue. All along the Waikiki sands are hospitable villas and splendid beaches, where the bathing is the best in the world. If you care to walk by the beach beyond Diamond Head, you will cross an old battle-field, and if the tide is right, there may be rich treasure-trove in the shape of bleached and whitened

bones. I know a cabinet where the lower jaw of a fine young brave, every tooth white and perfect, is one of the treasures. This was a find on this very beach at the foot of Diamond Head.

But even more interesting are the bones of those who died in the ordinary way, though war itself was ordinary in those far-off days. To find those you must seek out the burial-caves, concerning which the most extraordinary ignorance prevails in Honolulu. Ask for a burial-cave, and your hearers will look as though they had never heard of such a thing, and will assure you that the natives kept those things profoundly secret, and that there is not one within a radius of ten miles of Honolulu. Do not believe them. In a brief residence in Honolulu I found three, and there may be thirty in the vicinage for aught I know. There are some good caves on Judd street, but, being the most accessible, they have been rifled by residents and visitors, until now there is nothing to pay for the dirty trip. There was a very famous head in this cave — a Bismarckian visage, where the skin had dried and left fierce eyebrows clinging to the frontal bone. Some vandal took this to adorn a mantelpiece — or a tale.

Near Diamond Head are some good burial-caves, comparatively accessible and with many bones and much mouldering *kapa;* but the best caves of all are at Moana Lua (the two seas), where famous sacrifices were made in the old days, and where the beautiful country-place of Minister Damon now stands. The caves are some distance behind and above the Damon place, over a hilly road for a mile, and then across the fields and up a hillside, when a close search must be made for the entrance.

These caves are hard for a novice to find, since the mouths are low and unobtrusive, and, seemingly, too small for a human being to crawl through. The idea of the burial-cave was secret interment. Great care was taken to keep the place of entombment a secret, and the more important the dead the greater the secrecy. It is told of one chief — a true story — that he begged a faithful retainer to dispose of his bones, so that no one would ever find them to make fish-hooks of them — the most deadly insult that could befall a chief. The retainer promised. He scraped the flesh from the bones, as was the custom, reduced the bones to powder and mixed it with the *poi* to be eaten by the chiefs at a certain council. When asked if he had disposed of the bones, the retainer said that he had, and mentioned that they were already in the stomachs of the various chiefs. It is not related that any one was shocked or ill, but merely that the hearers applauded the old man's cleverness.

There is a landmark near the burial-caves of Moana Lua. Near the entrance is a pile of bleaching bones on a high shelf of rock. They came there in an odd way. Years ago there was a chief in this valley who held a large number of hostages. In a fit of anger the chief slew the hostages, whose lives he had sworn to preserve. By way of retaliation, the chief whose subjects had been slain came down into that smiling valley and killed all of the inhabitants who did not flee. Their bones were piled on a shelf of rock as a warning, and remain there to this day.

Near these bones are the burial-caves. The opening is not over two feet high by perhaps three in breadth, and the marvel is how these mummies were ever taken

into the caves, or the bulky coffins that were used at a later date. The conclusion is that the mouth of the cave was partially walled up after the caves were full. For at least ten feet one crawls on hands and knees, sometimes lying flat to rest. A man with a bicycle-lamp leads on before, but the faint glimmer does not amount to an illumination, and the lamp only serves to eat up what little oxygen there is.

Once through the narrow entrance the cave opens up, and three people, grimy with smoke and dust, seat themselves on three coffins and look about. A gruesome business this! One feels like a ghoul, and instinctively drops the voice, though these ears have not heard for centuries. There are three separate caves, with artificial stone walls built up between them. We climb over the walls, slip shudderingly on coffins and bones, and wonder how these good people ever expect to untangle themselves on the Judgment Day. It is close and dark, and there is a faint stifling odor. At last we reach the furthest cave of the three, though there are indications that this is not the last, but that other similar caverns extend into the hill, literally honeycombing it. But the third cave satisfies us and we decide to penetrate no further. I have seen the mummies of Guanajuato, but they are friendly and human compared to this medley of the dead. The third cave is evidently the oldest. It was filled first and then walled up, and the dead of the next century were put in the next cave, and so on. The bones are quite white and clean. It was the Hawaiian custom to clean the skeleton before putting it away, or else to salt and dry the body in a species of embalming.

The bones were scattered all over the place. There

were quantities of separate feet, and hands, and skulls, with mouldering bits of *kapa*, ill-smelling and damp with the moisture of the terrible place. Everybody took as a souvenir some bone that could be spared. A very dainty little foot — that of a child or young woman — was given to me. There were no traces of calabashes or spears, though we made nothing but a superficial search.

The fumes from my flash-lights made the air of the inner chamber unbreathable, and we were forced to retreat toward the entrance. In the second cave the bones, skulls, and *kapa* were the same, except that the *kapa* was in better condition. You could trace the pattern that had been painted on it.

In the outermost cave, nearest the entrance, the bones were much newer and the *kapa* much more unpleasant to smell. There were coffins in this place, most of them empty. They were plain, made of *koa*, and had lost their polish, if they ever had any. They had been elaborately ornamented with iron handles and trimmings, in ludicrous imitation of ours, but these had rusted and were dropping from the wood. All these coffins were lined with thick, soft *kapa*, and little tufted pillows of it were all over the floor. Some of the coffins stood upright around the edge with bodies inside, wrapped like mummies in innumerable folds of *kapa*. Other coffins, with significant-looking bundles, were lying on the ground. Some were overturned and the bodies spilled out, and I was told that a mummy had been recently taken from these caves to the Smithsonian Institution.

Stifled and just a bit nervous because of the uncanny surroundings, afraid to look behind us to where the third cavern loomed, laughing at each other and making

strange, hollow noises, we left the caves in single file, the little bicycle lamp fluttering and sputtering and gasping for oxygen, and our own faces grimy and black.

My pilfered trophy was placed on my *lanai*, and that night I had the troubled slumber that befits a robber of graves. I dreamed that the sweet young Kanaka girl to whom the foot belonged, hobbled in with it in her hand, and reproached me.

Next morning when I went to my *lanai*, the foot was gone. No one knew anything about it — no one had seen it. The soft turf showed no traces of foot-prints. It is my individual opinion that the foot walked the long twelve miles to Moana Lua, and that it will be found in the cave that is its rightful owner's home.

The Last Heiau of Kamehameha the Great.

CHAPTER XIII

IN HAWAII'S LEE

To END one's journey at Honolulu would be to know nothing of the Hawaiian islands. The capital is as cosmopolitan as all seaports. After all, the country's the place to study. Of course, Kilauea is the objective point — there is something to fascinate even about a quiescent volcano, and no one can afford to miss the sight of one of the earth's breathing-places. There are ways and ways to go. One is short and one is long, and the professional globe-trotter will always choose the shorter; but it is the long way, down Hawaii's lee, that gives the most interesting sights and scenes of all the islands. In the Kona district live the natives of purest blood. There has been less mixture of race here than elsewhere, and the Kanaka has married a woman of his own race, and has multiplied. You are astonished at the number of little brown children that greet you at the landings. The men and women are happy and flower-trimmed. What do they care for changing governments and altered flags? They are safe and sheltered and far away.

There is much talk in Honolulu of choppy channels and the sickness of the sea, and, in truth, the sea is not a mill-pond. But the Mauna Loa, which travels this way every ten days, laden with passengers and freight, is

a stanch little boat, and as comfortable as any steamer in the world. When she was built the despised passenger was considered. The staterooms are large, and the dining-room is on the upper deck, which is a boon to the seasick. There is always a great quantity of freight, and while it is being unloaded, passengers have an opportunity to go ashore. It is historic ground, every inch of it, and one only regrets that there are not weeks instead of days to give to exploration.

At the dock there is always a crowd, and many natives taking passage, with groups of dusky friends to bid them good-by. Every traveler is laden with flowers, hung from his neck, twisted about his hat, girt about his waist, and draped across his shoulders. Each man and woman is covered from head to foot or from breast to knee, according to his or her popularity. The fragrance of the carnations, the delicate scent of the *ilimas* and the heavy perfume of *pomerias*, with the odorous *maile*, hangs over the place like an incense-cloud. One man is a mass of pink carnations, another a mound of green *maile*. A native girl has mingled in happy combination the yellow *ilima*, that tells of love for royalty, with cardinal carnations. Only the man without a flower is disconsolate and moody. The fact that he is much cooler than those who stifle under a load of bloom does not at all console him.

After the Mauna has cast off her lines, she is followed by the copper-colored native boys who dive for silver, and with this darting convoy she slips out of the bay, threads the buoys like a dainty maid doing a Virginia-reel, and then down the coast in a parallel line, past the alluring beach of Waikiki, past Diamond Head, with its striped sides full of horizontal scars, and finally out into

the first choppy channel that divides Oahu from Molokai. If the natives dared these inter-island seas in their tiny canoes, surely we can in our stout little steamer, and, indeed, she is so well-balanced that she rolls scarcely at all, and her passengers draw a long breath of satisfaction. In years gone by, these inter-island boats were of the most democratic description. There were no separate cabins, and the main saloons had berths up the side, where the passengers slept fitfully, like an unhappy family. It might be the Governor of Oahu next you, and it might be a Chinese. Sometimes you awoke with a start to find yourself using the head of a Personage for a footstool, and sometimes the start was because the Personage was putting your head to a similar plebeian use. And always the mammoth cockroaches sported on the pillows — perfectly harmless, but big enough to be formidable. Somehow it is almost impossible to convince yourself that the Hawaiian cockroach means you well, however innocent his eyes or discreet his behavior.

But those picturesque days are past. No longer does one take a mat on deck to escape from the fumes of the stifling cabin. Cabin passengers are a deal more comfortable now than on some larger boats. The picturesque lingers only in the steerage. I made my way down there at night to take pictures of the crowded lower deck, and to see humanity sleeping with head over shoulder, like young and friendly dogs in a kennel, or horses in an open lot on a cold night. The steerage passengers furnish their own provisions and bedding, but they do not need much covering. Everybody lies down as soon as he comes on board. The passengers are in a row all around the edge of the boat, a hundred of them perhaps,

women and men all mixed in, but all unhappy-looking and quite too weary to notice anything. Their heads are propped on their few bundles of baggage, and they watch you with incurious eyes. A woman is asleep with a very little baby clasped close in her arms. The baby eyes are wide and wondering. Men step over the woman, for she lies, like all the others, in the only path around the boat, but they are careful not to step on the baby. Several children lie cuddled up on their mother's crumpled skirt, but the eyes of this woman are watching her brood from under the half-dropped lids. All the women are native, but many of the men are white and some are Chinese. Around the necks of the sleeping women are the *leis*, sickening sweet in their swift decay. Sometimes a single blanket is drawn over a half-dozen fellow-voyagers — people who met by chance, but who are willing to share with true island generosity. Far down the dimly lighted alleyway, which is open on the sides to the stars, and is merely roofed over, a deck-hand is playing a guitar and singing a *hula*. His eyeballs are red with a recent debauch, and the veins are red and swollen. One does not need to know Hawaiian to understand his song. Another sailor is dancing to his music — a man with no teeth and a hideous leer; but he dances well according to native standards, and they applaud him with a gurgle of sleepy laughter. A very little is quite enough for us. This steerage deck is dreadful when the rains come and the crowded place is awash and the natives huddle together in drenched heaps. Fortunately they do not mind wettings as we do. But on an August night this open-air sleeping is very agreeable, only one would like to have the undivided possession of more

deck space and not have the guitar twanging quite so close.

One soon begins to make acquaintance with other islands than Oahu. Molokai, like a big blue flower, comes up to float on the sea. At a nearer view, the blue petals unfold into frightful gashes in the mountain-side, with vast precipices and unfinished peaks between. Titan hands seem to have been playing at bowls, and there is no resemblance at all to the fabled isles of milk and honey. This island looks as if it would bear spears and blood, if anything at all, for under its sod are the graves of the unclean. The leper settlement, through whose miseries Molokai has gained an undesirable fame, is hidden away at the other side of the island. Presently the isle of Lanai comes into view, and then Maui, fertile, green, tender, plumed with palms, and shimmering in the warm air like a fickle sea-green beauty.

Our first stop is at Lahaina, once the capital of the island kingdom and the second seat of government. It is a hot little town, built all on a half of a street, like a Western railway town, where the track runs on one side and the town on the other. Lahaina perpetually stares at the sea, which is busy making music on its reef. The beach is dazzling white, formed of pure white coral, and the sea is blue as the sky. There is a tremendous growth of tropical trees. Their shade is so dense that the shadows are black beneath them. A glorious banyan-tree makes a huge umbrella for the courthouse grounds, for this tiny village, laying its warm length by the sea, is the capital of Maui. Little country lanes, dark with overhanging mangoes and bananas, or candlenut and breadfruit trees, branch off at one side of the main street,

which is broad as the ocean. Little white houses snuggle beneath the shadows, and eyes peer out curiously at you, for every one does not consider it worth while to come ashore at Lahaina. There are several shops. One advertises billiards and ice-cream, and another hosiery and saddles. The idiosyncrasies of the signs do not impress the Lahainans. They do not see anything amusing in having the telephone office in the barber-shop. There are swarms of quaint dark native children under the trees, and not an available carriage in the village. One has gone to take the village doctor to a patient at the other side of the island, and the horse of the other is laid up for repairs.

The inhabitants dwell in sunny indolence, and it is only after strenuous endeavors and with much *baksheesh* that we persuade a village lad to secure us some burros. Lahaina is not at all mercenary. At the far end of the village is a small settlement of South Sea Islanders, brought here no one exactly knows how, and living clannishly by themselves. They braid fine hats and fine mats for the tourist trade. Near by are the abandoned consulates that were here when Lahaina was a background for court pageantry. Quite at the other end of the place, past an interesting ruin of a house, is the site of the old home of Kamehameha II. There are some magnificent trees there, but the house is gone. It is dusk by this time, and outside fires blaze like bonfires. We repass the weird ruin, with its grim walls and sightless windows, and we can no longer see the strip of cane at the back of the town, stretching like a pale-green ribbon across the shoulder of the hillside. A whistle sounds — it is the signal that belated wanderers must

return to the steamer at once, and we all scuttle for the last boat, our men cut through the dark waters, and we look like a smuggler's boat putting out to a pirate craft, except that I never heard that pirate crafts showed so many lights. We leave Lahaina twinkling under her exquisite foliage, basking in the few cool hours of her hot tropical day.

At Maalaea Bay the steamer stays far out. The boats have a long way to row, and the company has adopted a novel way to guide them over the broad black waste of waters. The white boats are ordered to keep close together, and from the bridge a powerful search-light is kept upon them — a kindly light that makes a broad gleaming path for them to follow. It is a charming sight from the deck, the three boats rising and falling over the water, brought near by this shaft of light that cuts the darkness for them. It is like a scene in "Pinafore." We can see the drops silvering from the oars; we see them land; we think they must be able to climb the ladder of light behind them and see us too, and we wave our hands impotently. Alas, to them we are merely the search-light's source!

The island of Hawaii springs upon us unawares, like a thief in the night. Our first stop is at Kawaihae, a place of torture for animals, with an immense heathen temple crowning the heights behind! Nothing could be more appropriate than the cruel temple looking down on a scene of Caucasian cruelty that even the savage could not surpass. The Kanaka is merely an understudy. The groans and tears of helpless animals that ascend from this coast were never paralleled in the *heiau*, where prisoners of war died silently, as became men of their caliber. But to persecute animals! Ah, that is more cruel than to slay

a prisoner of war, who would have been your executioner had the victory been his.

The tragedy begins at the water's edge. From the shore two horsemen dart out, one dragging an animal by a rope, the other driving it forward with a biting goad and loud cries. The steers rear and plunge, but the horsemen pull steadily, and the terrible din and sharp stings pursue from the rear. Near the shore is one of the steamer's large boats, manned by sturdy Hawaiians. The first steer is tied to the boat, his nose well up, his horns over the edge, and there he remains, half standing, half floating, half drowning, while another and another and another is driven in, the first steer being in the water half an hour before the boat is ready to move. The boat starts, four steers at each side, floating, struggling, half drowned, and wholly terrified.

"If they would stop struggling they'd be all right," remarked a man with an interest in this humane cattle company.

Very likely — but how should the steers know? And no steer, happily, passes twice through this valley of the shadow. As soon as the experience is gained, the animal dies. And so they struggle and writhe and froth at the mouth until the water is white with foam. As the small boat comes near the steamer, we can see the glazed eyeballs rolled back in their sockets, and hear the heavy, stertorous breathing rattling and whistling in the gasping throats, and groans to send the fingers to the ears.

There came the second act. While the animals floated in deep water near the ship, one of the men deftly fastened a band about the body, and by means of tackle, the steers were slowly hoisted to the deck. Sometimes the

tackle fouled on the rail and a horn was torn out, but usually the trip was accomplished without accident. Sometimes the belt slipped, and the frightened creatures were lowered again into the water that it might be readjusted. The tackle-trip was incredibly slow. The cattle kicked, shivered, hung suspended in air, whirled like a top, revolved in the opposite direction, and finally settled down on deck. The deck became slimy and slippery. The poor beasts which had been in the water longest were cold and cramped and stiff, and they sprawled and slipped all over the deck, to the amusement of a dozen Kanakas, and — I'm sorry to write it — to some Americans too. The steers were tied in rows to the deck-rails, with about three inches of rope, so that they could not move their heads — much less alter their positions.

But the man who made himself a lightning-rod for the ire of the passengers was the lord high chief twister of tails. This personage and his assistants were big Kanakas, with cruel mouths that laughed all the while. The moment a steer came within reach, long before the tackle was loosened, they began to twist his tail. If he ran in the wrong direction, his tail was twisted; if he ran in the right direction, he received the same treatment. The better a steer behaved, the worse he was treated. Virtue, as elsewhere in the world, had no reward at all.

They do these things differently in London. There a man gets six months in jail for twisting a steer's tail. The pain is said to be very much the same as turning an arm the wrong way, and the brutal exhibition off the coasts of Hawaii — and Kawaihae is not the only port — would turn our English cousins, whom we are accustomed to call stolid, sick with sympathy.

I had little heart after this for the climb to the *heiau* of Puukohola, situated on an eminence back of Kawaihae, and hard to reach unless you are able to secure saddle-horses or mules in the village. But the temple is worth visiting. There are no good *heiaus* near Honolulu, the best of them having been torn down, with extraordinary imbecility, and used for paving streets. Puukohola is the last of the *heiaus*, built on the advice of his priests, in 1791, by Kamehameha I, in honor of the war god Kukailimoku. It is an irregular parallelogram, two hundred and twenty-four feet long and a hundred feet wide, with walls twelve feet thick at the base, and varying in height from eight feet on the upper side to twenty feet on the lower. The entrance was a narrow passage between two high walls, and the interior was divided into terraces paved with smooth, flat stones. The inner court at the south end, where the principal idol used to stand, may still be seen. The architecture reminds one of Druid days and Stonehenge.

Kailua in the morning! It looks a charming place, with a feathery hedge of palms, and many houses clustered cozily above a cove. There is a small wharf, but these never come out far enough for the Mauna Loa, and the landing must always be made in small boats, rowed by the deck-hands, whose work is of the hardest and their pay of the smallest. At the little wharf one buys figs and grapes wrapped in their own leaves, and, cheerfully munching, proceeds to pry out the secrets of the town. There are one or two general stores, where everything under the sun is sold, and where the cheerful jingle of the telephone-bell speaks of civilization. Fifty saddled burros stand in a patient row, for this is steamer-day,

and the whole countryside has poured into the town to catch the thrill of healthy excitement and to have the blood in its sluggish veins stirred. A charming American doctor — or perhaps he is English or Irish — offers to take me overland to the next stop, and shows me the town as only one of long and loving experience can show it. The doctor has a beautiful home on the hill, and disputes with the *kahuna* the patronage of a wide but healthy countryside.

Just at the landing of Kailua is a black old fort that was the work of the great Kamehameha. It is made of blocks of mud and lava. Once upon a time it was bordered with ancient idols, hideous wooden images, expressly made horrible to terrify the people. When the *tabu* was broken it was here the deed was done, and Kamehameha II, son of the Conqueror, fond of his wives and enjoying their society, sat down at table with them. It was the first time women and men had ever eaten together on the island. There followed rejoicing, but the people waited in dread for some terrible vengeance to fall from heaven. Nothing happened; so they wisely decided that the gods were a lie and tore down the idols. Those about this fort were burned, but to this day it is called the "Place of Ghosts," and the long neck of black land is supposed to be the special exercise-ground of many spirits. Nobody goes there after nightfall for fear of meeting one of those dread spirits of the air.

Kailua was the old capitol of the islands and the health resort of later kings. There is a fine royal residence there, now the property of the dowager Queen Kapiolani. It is a big house with a wide hall and immense rooms. The kitchen and servants' quarters are

detached, and there is an open *lanai* a little way from the house where Kalakaua gave famous *luaus* and *hulas*, and where his celebrated red chairs were set in rows. The house is marked by the *tabu*-sticks set up at the doors, sticks with white balls at the top, in imitation of the old days when balls of white *kapa* at the top of the sticks marked the residence of the king, within which common people could not go on pain of death. Inside, the house is a marvel of polished woods. There is a table of satiny *koa*, the mahogany of the Pacific, the "royal tree," fit to make you weep. This table stands in the center of the drawing-room, and around the walls are elaborate carved chairs, vases, and fine pottery from China and Japan. There are portraits of Kalakaua, Kapiolani, and Liliuokalani, as well as busts of royalty. At the windows are exquisite lambrequins of the finest *kapa* I saw on the islands, painted in patterns, and some of it extremely old.

The big dining-hall across the vestibule has a fine carved sideboard, and on it are a number of *koa* calabashes, polished, and marked inside with the crown and royal coat-of-arms, etched with a poker. These calabashes all have covers, and were designed for pink *poi*. It requires all of one's moral nerve to refrain from becoming a kleptomaniac. The water washes all day at the foot of the royal house of Kailua. From the upper windows is a magnificent sea-view, and I can fancy that the windows away from the sea are not much used by Kapiolani when she comes to occupy her house, which is always in order. Across the street, on the land side, is the oldest church on the islands, lately restored, but still ancient-looking enough to satisfy the most exacting antiquary. It is built of lava blocks, and in the foundation

are huge stones smoothed by Umi, one of the ancient kings of Hawaii, and probably intended for a heathen *heiau.* The Christians took the old stones, without a fear, for the foundation of their faith. Inside the church is white and bare as a sepulcher. To it was transplanted all the hideous bareness of New England. It has plain, square, high-backed pews, a pulpit like a box, and white walls, with high windows of dirty white glass, uncurtained, except by industrious spiders. The unstrained light pours through the panes. And while New England has been progressing, this child of hers has remained stationary until, if the original builders could return to their native land, they would wonder what wicked liberalism it was that had clothed their churches with new beauty, and draped the grim skeleton of their faith. But while the rest of the world passed on, the church at Kailua remained the same. One's back slowly stiffens in the straight-backed pews, and in a day-dream you see long Puritan cheeks and square Puritan jaws, with pointed hats and demure bonnets, and hear again anathemas hurled from just such a pulpit as this. The church is under a native pastor now, and the rigid doctrine is concealed under his soft vocalization. Vowels ripple and gurgle over his lips, and his shabby black garments are still partially paid for by American Boards. Before him his silent congregation drinks in his words with implicit faith, while the wind rattles at the *tabu*-sticks just across the way. And if their queen should appear before them suddenly, the worshiping natives would every one turn a back on the native pastor and grovel before her in the dust, paying her that due which those who at the bottom of their hearts believe in the divine right of kings, delight to pay.

I had a little example of this at Kailua. Liliuokalani was aboard the steamer, and the natives had expected that she would land for a *luau*. The house of kings was open in her honor, and the feast was ready. The Annexation Commissioners from America were also there on that day, and it had been arranged that there should be a mass-meeting in the church. But the ex-Queen did not feel equal to landing, and, as a consequence, the natives did not mass. All along the little water street were natives with *leis* in their arms, but these were not thrown to the Commissioners. When the natives found that the Queen was not coming to the *luau* they sent the *luau* out to her. In royal calabashes, long unused, went the royal pink *poi*, and on a long wooden trencher was sent a roast pig. Natives ran up cocoanut-trees and plucked the green fruit. Other natives caught the last fowls they owned and tied them by the legs to present to the Queen. Fishermen brought the best of the catch — long, shining, striped *uluas*, still glistening with water. The men leaped into their canoes, rowed out to the steamer and clambered up the steps, literally swarming on the decks. Before her they passed on their knees, their honest faces dripping with perspiration, and happiness shining through the wet as they kissed her hands. Their gifts were passed to the Queen's attendants, and the meeting that was to have massed in the church was held on the shaded deck. And yet men have the hardihood to say that the natives are enamored of annexation.

Anybody who has been in the islands, and is capable of an honest opinion, knows that the natives are as loyal to their rulers as Englishmen are; that with all their faults they love them still. Nothing could change their

attitude. It is as though one criticised the Prince of Wales to an Englishman, if one were so bad-mannered. In such case, the Englishman would reply, "Considering his temptations, he is a very good man." That is the spirit of Hawaiian loyalty to Hawaiian royalty. The only annexation natives are a few ultra-religious ones, who are bound to the church party and partially supported by American money. Even there, the most prominent native pastor on the islands, and the most brilliant native it was my fortune to meet, was a pronounced royalist.

Unless one is interested in kingly relics, there is not much at Kailua. To me it is the most interesting town on the islands, brimful of history as it is. Further down the Kona coast is Keauhou, where there are enough grass houses to fill the eye for once, and where the cocopalms are tall and old and beautiful. No white faces were there except our own, and even the post-office was in the open air, under a palm-tree. A mounted native police-officer, with riding-boots and clanking spurs, and the native postmaster were the only living symbols of law and authority. The postmaster called out the names and delivered the letters to the whole town clustered about him. The faces lightened and gleamed as the missives were handed to them. An old couple with their arms entwined received one from their boy at the Kamehameha school, and an aged woman on the outskirts of the crowd was sorely disappointed because no letter came for her.

The Keauhou people are both generous and thoughtful. They brought fresh *leis* for our tired boatmen, and those weary rowers seemed refreshed by the flowers.

Near Keauhou is the tremendous toboggan-slide of the kings, where young chiefs used to slide from the top of the hill to the bottom on their *papa holua*, or long sledges. It has been a long time since a bronzed Kanaka court came tearing down those tremendous slides, but the track on the hillside is still a visible scar. Sliding down hill must be eminently enjoyable when there is a crowd of dependents to pull the sled up again.

Near Keauhou the lava begins, huge jagged masses, with the *ohia*-trees as the first sentinels of vegetation. At places the black rivers have plunged into the sea, cooling in fantastic forms and remaining for all eternity a frozen waterfall.

Kealakekua is the name of the steep *pali* above the level place where Captain Cook received his just deserts, and where the conventional white shaft rises to his memory. The cliff above is honeycombed with burial-caves, and it is a place where ghosts do walk. Everybody lands at Kealakekua, as a matter of sentiment, though the town on the other side of the bay (Napoopoo) is much more interesting. Napoopoo is a charming brown little hamlet, very warm and fragrant, with grass houses, and roads that are but lanes, where great trees meet overhead and mangoes and tamarinds vie to keep the sun from your head. I walked about a quarter of a mile, through fallen leaves two feet deep to stand in the ancient *heiau* where Captain Cook was worshiped as the god *Lono*, and which has many times been stained with human blood. The *heiau* of Hiki Au was never a very large one, and its terraces are now but piles of weather-beaten stones. I prowled through the ruins, building for myself the barbaric altar where human sacrifices were

offered up to the many gods of the Polynesian pantheon. Some of the stones were stained darkly, and I fancied that the black stains were blood. I looked at them and touched them with my finger until the gruesome imaginings of the place overcame me, and I fled along the beach, as superstitious as any Kanaka, and hearing again Kipling's haunting lines:

"Comes a breathing hard behind thee — snuffle-snuffle through the night —
It is Fear, O little hunter, it is FEAR."

And it was fear. The person who could not conjure the ghosts of dead warriors in the tumbled corridors and trampled terraces of that blood-stained temple would be without imagination. Such a background for a ghost-story was never conceived by a dreamer.

We bought cocoanuts and drank the sweetish water that is called milk by courtesy, and we scooped out the rich meat of soft young coacoanuts with spoons. There is a great coffee region above this narrow rim of coast, and supplies for the plantations were being handled. Between Napoopoo and the next stop is an old city of refuge, Honaunau, once the shelter-place of all this side of the island. All roads led to Honaunau and criminals fled there from all over the lee of Hawaii. The cities of refuge were exactly the same as those of Hebrew Scripture, but were founded by the Hawaiians long before they had ever heard of the Jews. From this circumstance, and others, historians with plenty of time and imagination, have argued that the Hawaiians are the lost Israelitish tribe, though if history could be trusted it would seem that all the twelve tribes were lost, they have reappeared in so many places. The city of refuge was the Hawaiian

idea of equity — a place where justice stepped in to soften the harshness of law. It was a walled city, and the walls are yet standing. Around the boundaries were idols, and any man, no matter what his crime, who came within the shadow of those walls was safe. This was absolutely necessary; for the Hawaiian law prescribed death for many things, and worst of all was the *tabu*. A man might violate *tabu* accidentally and unconsciously, but the penalty was the same. For such there was nothing but the city of refuge. After a certain residence within its limits, his crime was purged and he was free to go abroad again. In war times, women and children of both parties often flocked to Honaunau, and to their credit be it said that no Hawaiian king or priest ever violated the sanctity of those walls. On the windward side of the island was another of these cities, and history says that they were always populous.

Hookena's landing juts out into the water, and is always crowded with a throng of dark-faced, pure-blooded natives. Ancient cocoanut-groves bend against a hill, where the entrances to the burial-caves may be plainly seen. There is a legend that one of the skeletons is wrapped in a cloak of canary-feathers, and it requires strength of mind to turn steamerwards and not lose oneself seeking treasure-trove in that fascinating spot. They point out to you Nohoneakauhi, where an ancient chief of the island, an ardent shark-hunter, made his enemies into hash and fed them to the sharks. The choice bait brought sharks in numbers, and the royal hunter had great sport spearing them. Sometimes he did not wait for people to die, but chopped them anyway and fed them to his prey. The big wooden platters on which the

sharks' feast was spread were preserved for years in the island, but are now in the Bishop Museum. If you do not believe the story, go look at the platters.

By the time we reach Hoopuloa it is growing dusk. A solitary white man goes over the side, bidding us a sad good-by. He is a school-teacher, and the only white in the place. He tells me that he has not a relative in the world, that he must walk two miles in the thick darkness before he reaches his home, and that in his cabin a solitary and faithful dog watches for his coming. We pass the night off the lee shore, so close that you can almost see the spray on the beach, for one of the delights of this leeward trip is that the steamer hugs the beach so close that the trees, the towns, and all the landscape are like your own front dooryard. And in the morning there is a tempestuous passage around Kalae Point, a four-o'clock landing at Honuapo or a five-o'clock one at Punaluu, which is the end of the line, and the journey down Hawaii's lee — one of the most interesting and delightful sea trips in the world — is done.

At Honuapo friends were waiting for me with fresh horses and a good road, and a big, wide plantation-house at the end. And there were days of pleasure in a native village, and finally the trip to the volcano up the Kau side of the mountain. I chose this way, though it is none of the easiest, for the sake of going up one way and down the other. We had a little ride by rail in sugar-cars, then a private conveyance, and then the long ride of over thirty miles, over a good road, to the volcano. The ride is worth while, if for nothing but the study of lava. Some of the flows are dated, but most of them were before the memory of man. There are vast tracts of *pahoehoe*, the

smooth lava that has overflowed the land like an ocean of molasses, and has dried in huge veils and mantles of gray, shining stuff that looks like asphaltum. It lies in ripples, in coils, in waves, as though a chill wind had passed over it and it had frozen forever. It is in pools, smooth and quiet, with caverns that are really burst bubbles. It has a slightly rough surface, and horses go over it, though it is slippery as ice wherever the surface is smooth. The lava that is called *aa* is, on the contrary, utterly impassable. It is jagged and rough, formed into small mountains, interspersed with bowlders, and generally more wicked in appearance than the *pahoehoe*. The landscape up this tremendously torn and seared side of Mauna Loa is made up of these two elements. There are trees, and occasionally a fleeting glimpse of a mongoose, with which this country is infested, the first "rikki-tikki-tavi" having been introduced to exterminate the rats that gnawed the cane. The mongoose did its work thoroughly, and when it had finished with the rats it began on the chickens, until now there is not a fowl on this part of Hawaii, except carefully cherished ones nursed in coops and kept as household pets on the front lawn. There is a half-way house, where a lone hermit prepares meals, being warned by telephone of your approach. He is not a clean hermit, and he has pet chickens and turkeys in the dining-room; but you are so famished for food, after your early start, that by the time you reach his lonely lodge nothing matters. A hamper on the way is not a bad thing, and there should be plenty of drinkables, as there is no water on this side of the mountain. *Kau* means dry, and it is well named. Ever above you stretches the long blue slope of Mauna Loa (long

mountain) — an ascent so gradual that the summit is not easy to distinguish. It is a popular fallacy that Kilauea is a summit by itself, when it is but an open wound in the flank of Mauna Loa.

And now for the first time you begin to realize Hawaii's birth in fire. It is the newest island of them all, very likely not finished yet. It is actually being built up at the present time, and these terrific excrescences of *pahoehoe* are not vindictive eruptions bringing ruin to fertile regions, but furnished the materials for the architecture of the island. Rock on rock, terrace on terrace, peak on peak, the island has lifted itself from the sea. It is nearly the height of Mont Blanc now, and forces not yet dead are capable of adding still another story to these already towering peaks. There are plenty of people on Hawaii who will tell you about the days when the lava streams, glowing a dull red, flowed sluggishly down the mountain-side, to plunge hissing into the sea. The noise of the steam could be heard for miles, and the red mass, now black as a coal, remains as a monument. It is terribly hot on this ride, so hot that the arms burn through cotton sleeves, and an umbrella is a comfort. Often there is a sudden shower, which cools the air, but the sun is steady and insistent, and you will remember its steady shining for many a day.

At last a faint blue cloud appears ahead, and sulphur-smoke comes out through cracks in the ground. The sun is not yet down, but it grows chilly, and all over the face of the land smoke and steam congeal in clouds. You are nearing the land of fire — a *terra del fuego* on a hill-top. A road branches off to a mountain farm, the source of supplies for the Volcano House, a place where "pig,"

as the Hawaiians still designate pork, fresh beef, and vegetables are grown for the hotel, and where a huge oven shows where the farmer bakes the root of the tree-fern to feed to his hogs. It is said that long years ago the proprietor of this mountain farm was very poor, and for a long while kept off starvation by eating baked fern-roots himself. The story was told in my presence to a lady of many ailments who was staying at the Volcano House.

"What was his complaint?" asked the lady, to whom the whole world is but a collection of aches and pains.

"Poverty," was the laconic reply.

The Volcano House, perched on the rim of the big crater, is a welcome sight, but the *inferno* in front of it, filled with a gray-black ocean of lava and covered with a cloud of steam, still bears the Plutonic trademark too strongly to be agreeable. For one unused to volcanoes, it seems an unsafe place to spend a night. What if the house should totter over the brink in one of those earthquake tremors which so frequently occur? But it never has, and within is a huge, crackling fire, in a pleasant room, where the bare rafters are garlanded with green, and the hair of the tree-fern forms a frostlike drapery over everything. There is a faithful Chinese servitor, who is everything from *valet de chambre* to caterer, and the dinner is hot and savory and the beds soft, even if they are cold. And you are very glad to view the crater by moonlight at long range, and not venture over its trackless waste until the next morning.

Early in the dawn horses are brought saddled to the door by a guide, for no one crosses the crater alone, though the volcano itself has not been active for several months. The horses crawl gingerly down the precipice, by

a zigzag path, where ferns, wet with dew, sprinkle your face and scatter a shower of drops over you. There are pretty pink and white *ohelo*-berries, which taste like a huckleberry, and are said to grow nowhere else on the islands. How odd that these waxen berries should be confined to this tremendous barren place, where the fire-god has played from time immemorial! There are other berries, not edible, of a beautiful shade of turquoise blue. The pink and blue berries form a charming combination, backed as they are with ferns of living green, their young fronds a bright red. There are gleaming silver swords, too, like ice-plants, all glistening in the sunrise. It is a strange new world into which you go down. You look back longingly at these unknown plants, with which Nature has covered the ruin she has wrought; for it is a strange feeling to be leaving the familiar earth behind. Huge fissures, riven by earthquakes, are crossed by means of little bridges, and the black plain, which looked level from above, is in reality jammed like an ice-pack, where the lava of past centuries has striven for place with later flows. A blue river beyond is pointed out as the newest flow of lava, the ashy mass looking like a multitude of coiled hawsers. Every little while a beehive of lava shows where a blow-hole made itself into a cone, like a bubble on top of boiling jelly. Much of the lava is so hot that you cannot touch it, and if you fall and attempt to save yourself by clutching, it cuts like glass and makes an end of your gloves or your hands. A match lights almost anywhere, and if you are caught in one of the passing showers, as you always are, you may dry your clothes and warm your feet in the sulphur steam rising from any of these cracks. Presently the horses are left

in a paddock of lava, where there is a little cistern of rain-water, and the rest of the journey is made over a good path beaten out on the solid lava. Vegetation has ceased long since. Far behind, a lone fern is the last sign of vegetation on the lava-crust, and if you have brought gifts for Pele, in accordance with immemorial custom, you must have brought them from the crater's brink.

A faint pillar of smoke points to Halemaumau, which, by the way, does not mean "house of everlasting fire" at all, in spite of some thousands of statements to that effect. It means "house of ferns," and was probably so called because of Pele's caprice in building a house of lava and then tearing it down, just as bowers of ferns were built and torn up in a short while. "House of everlasting fire" is much more interesting, but it does not happen to be true. We are at the brink now, looking down into the pit, some fifteen hundred feet deep, for the fires have sunk out of sight and carried the bottom of the pit with them. This is where some captious people affect to be disappointed. As well be disappointed at coming on an Indian camp with the wigwams still standing and the fires not yet out! Smoke comes from the deepest part of the pit, and no man has ever been in this hole, in spite of tales to the contrary. At any moment a jet of fire may tell that Pele is at home again. My offering was a pair of white gloves, which Pele would have to mend and clean before they would be wearable. My gift was intentional, as was not that of a very good Hawaiian hat from the head of a young man, who made a frantic grab as the jaunty headgear floated away. He came near being the first man ever in Halemaumau. The guide is careful, for the edges of the pit look quite safe, but are not. There

have been disastrous landslides, and fissures show where another piece of earth is ready to slide into the smoking pit. No one has ever been killed here, and the white cross on the hillside marks the spot where a gentleman with heart disease expired from over-exertion.

We throw stones into the cavern, hover on its brink, laugh to cover our awe, and do all the things that mere humans do to hide their embarrassment in the presence of the infinite. I should like to have seen Kilauea in eruption; but I can imagine nothing grander than sunrise on this sea of black and gray — then a peep into the center of the earth — with everything familiar and small and commonplace left behind.

There are other things to do at the Volcano House. Kilauea is pitted with craters, and there are at least a half-dozen that most people never see — side outlets equally as interesting but not as grand as the main crater. There is Kilauea *iki*, perfectly round, like a bowl with mush at the bottom. Another crater has a historic point where a Hawaiian lover leaped to his death. This is not one of the mythical lover's leaps or devil's slides, but a real one. It all happened not so long ago, in the days when Hawaiians were bound to work for other Hawaiians, and there were cruelties and abuses in the land. This particular serf begged to be allowed to visit the woman he loved, but his master would not grant him the desired leave. So the serf stole away in the night, and when they missed him, they went at once to the home of the woman at the other side of the island, and there found him. They brought him back, and he knew well what whippings and cruelties awaited him. When they reached the crater he broke away and threw

himself over the brink. So it was a real lover's leap, after all.

At the side of the Volcano House is a sulphur cliff where free sulphur shines yellow in the sun. In front of it are many little small-pox pits in the earth, their sides covered with flakes of sulphur and hot smoke pouring from their yellow throats. Their vapors are so suffocating that you cannot stand with the wind blowing toward you. There are sulphur vapor baths in the Volcano House, where you sit and steam in Nature's own bath, and, if it is not hot enough to suit you, you may register your complaint with Madam Pele.

Up behind the hotel is the most magnificent fern forest in all Hawaii. Follow the road for a couple of miles, and do not get discouraged, and you will come to a place where the giant fronds meet over your head and where it is always a cool green twilight. The tree-ferns are wrapped with a golden brown fiber, soft as silk, and the wreck of their huge bodies makes the earth knee-deep in mold. They seem almost laughing at you — twenty, twenty-five feet, thirty feet the huge ferns reach — as you sit on a giant stump and think what a pigmy you are, while the great leaves rustle in tree-talk over your head. It is a good antidote for vanity.

There is something positively frightful about these mammoth ferns. They carry you back to the days when the whole new world was covered with gigantic fronds, and at every gust of wind which sends a huge fern crashing somewhere in the depths of the forest, you start and expect to hear the footfall of a mastodon breaking his way through the uncanny growth. The *ohelo*-berries grow thick at your feet, but you are too absorbed to eat

them. In the forest, on the edge of the afternoon, no human being will disturb you, no thing of the world come near you, and, when you descend from that shadowy, ferny fastness, you will feel as one who has seen the burning bush or read the law on tables of stone in a far mountain.

CHAPTER XIV

WINDWARD HAWAII

Hawaii to windward and Hawaii to leeward are as Phyllis to-day and Phyllis to-morrow. You may know all about the one and nothing at all of the other. They are the comic and tragic masks of the same face.

Each island is divided by a backbone of mountain ridge, and the country, the climate, and the products are as different on the two sides as though the regions were separated by a thousand leagues of sea. It seems like a paradox to say that the windward side is cooler, yet much more tropical than the lee side, but it is true, and all caused by the wonderfully persuasive action of the magic rain. The windward side is wet, windy, and tropical, while the leeward side is dry and hot. The high mountains catch the rain-clouds, and prevent them from going over to the lee. Only a few showers succeed in passing the dead-line, while on the windward side it is a constant deluge. It has been known to rain thirty-six inches in Molokai in thirty-six hours, and in hot little, moist little, damp little Hilo they measure their rainfall in yards and feet. Nine feet for a season is nothing remarkable, and fifty inches in January is almost a drouth. It is no wonder that waterfalls hang like bridal-veils over every rock, or that clear little streams come purling down every declivity in the land. It rains every day, and the dark

Pharaoh's Daughters and A Hawaiian Moses.

clouds hang over Mauna Loa almost constantly, and yet housewives tell you that the air is much drier during a shower than at any other time, and that is the time they select for hanging their clothes out to dry.

The road from the Volcano House to Hilo is a marvel. Though more lava poured down this side of the mountain than down the other, there is scarcely a lava block or stream to be seen. The tremendous downpour of rain and the everlasting patter of stinging drops has disintegrated the lava, and a thousand ferns grow where not one grew before. The whole region is green. Giant ferns border the road for thirty miles between the volcano and Hilo. They are infinitely various, and botanists from all over the world come here to track the new and unnamed specimen to his lair. When they get lost, as wanderers often do in the fern forests, they climb a tree and take their bearings over the billowy green tops of these wondrous ferns. Here again civilization is the foe of beauty. After the fork of the road where the path turns off to the crater of Kilauea *iki*, come the cabins — villas by courtesy — of those who like to spend part of the year in the cool, bracing air of the heights. Some of these houses are not bad-looking, but the clearing they necessitated was fatal to the beauty of the road. The fern thicket had to be removed, if one would live in a domicile more substantial than an anchored balloon; and so, in patches down this wonderful road, the ground has been scorched and seared as though a reaper had gone over it, and on bare, brown spots, cheap houses have gone up. Sometimes a border of tree-ferns has been left at either side of the driveway, but these are shorn of their fronds half-way up, and look like plucked ostriches. All

the deep mold, all the beautiful fallen ferns clinging to the brown silk stalks are cleared away. The gardens of these mountain villas are like plague spots on the road, scars in the smooth flank of some beautiful animal. And as the stage-coach rumbles down, stopping at almost every house to take some garden-truck, or a few letters, or an interminable list of orders for Hilo merchants, one wonders if there is a natural law that condemns everything useful to be ugly.

It is a huge Concord stage which binds Hilo to the volcano far above — a coach with a big boot, always full of baggage, and always covered with tarpaulins, since this journey was never made without showers at some point. There are few glimpses of lava. The ground is covered with green and leafy mold for a depth of perhaps six feet, perhaps sixty. The vines are so thick that foot-passengers walk over little streams on natural bridges, which easily support the weight of the body. Far below, the flowing water murmurs, but the carpet of green is so thick that there is not a sight of the stream. The whole region bubbles with brooks. Turn back this thick mantle of green in which the earth has wrapped herself and you will find masses of lava and savage bowlders — the tremendous implements with which the Architect of the universe worked.

It is small wonder that where the fern forest has been cleared coffee plantations thrive, and the spreading bushes with glossy green leaves and flowers like snow, or berries like cranberries, grow as weeds grow. The whole region has the look of prosperity. Seeing these trees, one is almost inclined to believe the brilliant prospectuses; but having no desire to mislead, I am forced to say that talks

with a dozen planters from a dozen different Hawaiian neighborhoods show that the culture is still an experiment, and that no one knows yet whether it will fail or succeed. A number of "if's" must be solved before coffee-planting will be safe.

There is a luncheon spread on the wide *lanai* of the Half-way House at Olaa, and then a long spin down the road to Hilo. The grade is so good and so gradual that bicycles make the trip up from Hilo, and the road down is one long slide. Native houses become more frequent, but not one of grass. Telephone wires are in evidence now. Between the wires huge spiders have woven webs in which the constant showers leave many drops to hang like jewels. The whole web is outlined in sparkling wet, and in the center spiders big as filberts sit and wait for prey.

The forest is dense to the very edge of Hilo town — the wonderful green drapery that nature has thrown over this throbbing, restless, melting, discontented mountain of Mauna Loa. There are magnificent *koa*-trees, fine specimens of a tree that is becoming all too rare. Morning-glories twice as large as any of those cultivated in American gardens climb to the tops of forest giants and stretch out their delicate cups of white and mauve and blue. Many of the trees are almost strangled with creepers, and far up their trunks and branches the *ie* flings its scarlet crown. There are trees that have surrendered their own lives to a conquering army of vigorous parasites that have clothed the dead trunks with beauty. Tall *ohias* are full of bird's-nest fern, mammoth maidenhair, five-finger fern that could only have belonged to a giant's hand, since each frond is four feet long, and many rare, furry things catalogued only in botanical books.

Hilo is a straggling village, and the approach to it is through delightful country lanes, like the beautiful oleander-bordered ones of Tahili, in Oahu. The houses are wide-eaved and hospitable-looking, the gardens big and crowded with bloom, the grass green and lush. It looks old, and it looks like New England. A big blue stone church, which belongs to the foreigner, is the only modern thing. A still bigger white church on the hill, with a square tower and a sweet-toned bell, is the native church — the famous Haile Church. There is a good hotel, with clustering cottages and a sloping sward, and down the incline to the exquisite bay run the little streets that are devoted to business.

And by the time you have seen this, the whole town is blotted out behind a thick gray curtain of rain, and Hilo is paying the penalty of her fertility. It pours and pours, but no one pays the slightest attention. Housewives hang out the washing, girls come down the hill on bicycles, the mud spurting in streams from their tires, and their white duck skirts in some mysterious way kept unsullied. No wheel except a Hilo wheel could keep itself upright in such mud.

The bay is the most beautiful harbor in all Hawaii. As elsewhere, there is no wharf, and landings to and from the little steamers must be made in small boats. Around the bay is a bold headland crowned with green, and the water of the bay is an exceedingly clear and limpid emerald.

Hilo has a number of show places. Cocoanut Island is one of the landmarks of the harbor, a slender spit of land jutting into the water and crowned with a grove of cocoanuts, hoary with age. There are delicious coves —

coves where the water is a paler green, and where bathers come to have the novel experience of bathing in warm salt water while taking a cold shower in rain water from above, for it always rains in the bathing-pool.

An island Charon ferries you across to Cocoanut Isle, and assures you that there are "not very many sharks" as he grates the prow of his boat against a rock. You bathe in the cocoanut cove, but with some misgivings, for a melancholy row of sharks' skulls with quadruple rows of indented teeth attest to the fact that there have been sharks at no remote period. The drive to and from Cocoanut Isle is delightful, across the wide Wailuku River, through lanes bordered with delicious wild strawberry guavas, which the natives do not even take the trouble to gather.

On the other side of the town are the Rainbow Falls, within easy riding or walking distance. As a walk it is very charming. The road is lumpy and invariably muddy, and almost impassable for wheeled vehicles, but fine for a short skirt and stout shoes. There are rippling little streams to cross on foot-bridges where it is pleasant to sit and dangle your feet and eat pineapples from the neighboring field. Behind the hospital, down a steep little ravine, is a spring that gushes pure and cold from the mountain. This is one of the finest, because it is the coldest, in all Hawaii. It was for centuries a *tabu* spring, sacred to the use of the high chief of this district. No common man was allowed to slake his thirst there. If one ever did, it was in the dead of night and at the peril of his life, for the *tabu* sticks of white *kapa* guarded the place day and night.

The road winds ever further up the valley. A short

detour brings you to the famous lava flow of 1881, which threatened to demolish Hilo and had the whole town in an uproar. Princesses and princes, chiefs and chiefesses, Queen Kapiolani herself, tried to stop the flood, but it crept steadily toward Hilo. At last the Princess Ruth Keelikolani, governess of Hawaii, sister of the fourth and fifth Kamehamehas, a mountainous woman, whose fat flowed, or rather overflowed, in waves, tried her hand at it. There is some dispute as to what she did, but a black pig, the sort that used to be sacrificed in the *heiaus*, and a red silk handkerchief, were thrown into the advancing lava and the flow stopped. Its glistening front still stands like a wall of crystallized fire around Hilo.

"A remarkable coincidence," explained the relieved whites, whose property had been saved, as soon as they could get their breath.

"Pele!" gasped the natives, who had nothing to lose, falling on their faces.

It was irreverently suggested by the whites, whose alarm quickly faded into incredulity as soon as the danger was removed, that perhaps the lava flow became discouraged at sight of the princess. Some idea of her superabundant plumpness may be gained from the fact that she could not walk up to the stream, and so was carried in a sort of palanquin specially gotten up for the occasion and borne by about twelve men, who were relieved at intervals by other stout fellows. Fortunately lava travels slowly, or the stream would have beaten the princess.

At the fork of the road is a charming grass house. It was once a chief's dwelling, built in the detached style compelled by the *tabu*, where the women and men were necessarily segregated. This was quite a palace, a hun-

dred feet long, perhaps, and standing in an elbow of the hills. It has fallen on evil days now. The Japanese have ingrafted upon it a thatched architecture of their own, and have bound in sticks and staves and all sorts of things to fill up the cracks in the grass walls Near by a Portuguese woman bends over a rapid stream, washing, and her small daughters, their skirts tucked up and their hair done into pugs above their preternaturally old faces, bend with her over the stones that are their washing-boards. A few feet ahead of them the stream plunges twenty feet in a fine waterfall, but the scenic beauty of the place is lost on them.

If there were serpents in Hawaii, this place would be unbearable, for there is a short cut through deep, lush grass. But happily the snake has not yet found his way to this Eden. The way lies up the Wailuku River, concerning which, and this very fall, is told the pretty mythological tale of the maiden imprisoned in the fall by a cruel dragon. The maid's demigod lover—such conveniences were common in old Hawaii—changed the course of the river and released her; but when the sun is right you may still see her, or the rainbow garment which she wears, behind the fall.

The fall is beautiful enough to be excuse for any story. It is in basaltic formation, and you come on it suddenly up the old bed of the river whose unaccountable change made the foundation for the tale. There is a goodly stream forever pouring into the basin and hollowing out a deep, cold pool for itself. The fall is, perhaps, fifty feet high, and its stone confines are lined with ferns and moss. Before nine o'clock the most delicious rainbows play through its spray, but at other hours it is hard to

catch them. Usually there is a passing shower to make the rocks slippery, but it is delightful to sit opposite the fall and study the changes in prismatic coloring.

Further up the same river is another formation, even more peculiar, called the Boiling Pots. This is another prank of basalt blocks, the water having sought an underground channel and found it. In several places the water boils and foams up from below, and presents exactly the appearance of boiling water in a receptacle. The Boiling Pots are some seven miles from Hilo, but it is a fine walk on a shady day.

Coming down from these water-shrines we were caught in a brisk shower — one of those where it rains an inch an hour. We took refuge under a spreading mango-tree which grew in the garden of a native house, and a number of interesting native children came to keep us company. It used to be the fashion in Hawaii to adopt and bring up the children of others. Babies were the common medium of exchange — a sort of legal tender. In the families of chiefs, the custom was fostered because it cemented friendship. It was in vogue up to two generations ago, but now the Hawaiians are as fond of their children as other people are, and adoption is no longer the fashion.

The children, like all Hawaiians, were melodious-minded, and they sang for us simple songs of the fields and the winds and the flowers, songs that would make good kindergarten roundelays. But it began to be wet under the mango-tree, so we took shelter in the cleanly house of a Portuguese across the street. It is amazing to see the improvement that education has wrought in this transplanted people. When they first came from

the Azores they were thievish, untrustworthy, and great prevaricators. But their children have been obliged to attend school, and the second generation is a great improvement on its predecessor. The children are cleanly, they have learned the distinction between mine and thine, and they are industrious. One of their best features is the desire to beautify their homes. You can always tell a Portuguese house by the green things that grow round it. When we begged leave to sit on this little porch, the daughter of the house brought out two chairs for our comfort, and we had a glimpse of a speckless interior, into which we were hospitably invited. But we preferred the outside and the sweet breath of the wet earth. In the little garden were the inevitable grape-vine and fig-tree, a fine *papaya*, an alligator-pear loaded with rich fruit, a mango, and several varieties of red-leaved *taro*, grown as foliage plants. Honeysuckle and jasmine clambered over the house.

At last the gray rain-clouds ceased to roll in from the water, and we could go home. Each tree still flung a shower of drops on every lingering breeze. Under the mango-tree the native children still sang, and every glossy tropical leaf had a new coat of varnish. This is the deathless beauty of this dustless land.

The home-going from Hilo to Honolulu by way of Windward Hawaii is a beautiful one. Here is no low-lying lava coast, but a clear profile of bold bluffs, with fringes of waterfalls dashing themselves to death in the sea below. Every river pours over the bluff, until the coast is a succession of watered ribbons. Occasionally a village is in view, but usually a spire and a cluster of roofs atop the bluffs is all that is visible. Landing is

difficult and dangerous. The ocean beats in surges against this cliff, and it is not at all like the quiet lee side. This is excitement. One climbs over the edge of the steamer, rocking in the swell, clambers down steps more than perpendicular, waits for a propitious moment, and then leaps into a row-boat. The row-boat goes as near the coast as it dares, and the passengers are raised and lowered to and from the cliff by means of a box, called a basket, at the end of a long crane. It is not a safe method, and sometimes, in bad weather, even this is impossible. The daughter of Minister Stevens was killed at one of these landings, and since then passengers have sometimes been compelled to travel overland all the way from Hilo, the steamers refusing to take the chances.

Windward Hawaii is not as rich in historical associations as the famous lee coast, though there are some remarkable *heiaus* and some famous battle-grounds. As a picture it is infinitely more lovely. There are deep valleys where the sun only penetrates five days in the year, and where the hot moist air is tremendously oppressive. Valley after valley, mere rents in the hills, lined with green, stretch along the coast. Steep *palis* guard them, and a horse must be sure-footed and a rider without fear to make the descent into them and the climb up the other side. At the bottom of every gorge is a deep, swift river. There is no coast line in all the world quite like it — this new western coast of greater America.

Modern Hula Dancers.

CHAPTER XV

LEGENDS AND FOLK-LORE

HAWAII'S folk-lore is exceedingly rich. Many of the ancient legends and traditions are suggestive of the Greek, and others of the Hebrew. Their tale of the creation is Hebraic, or, at least, springs from the same source as the Hebrew legend. From the beginning, according to the *sagas*, existed a Hawaiian trinity — Kane, the originator, Ku, the builder, and Lono, director of the elements. By the united will of these, light was brought into chaos. The three created the heavens, the earth, and the sun, moon, and stars. When man was created, his body was formed of red earth, mingled with the spittle of Kane, and the head was formed of whitish clay, brought by Lono from the four corners of the earth. According to some derivations, the meaning of Adam is red, and the Hawaiian Adam was of that color. He was made in Kane's image, and Kane breathed into his nostrils and he became alive. A woman was fashioned from one of his ribs, taken from his side while he slept. The pair was placed in a beautiful paradise, through which flowed three rivers of "the waters of life," on the banks of which grew every sort of fruit, including the *tabu* breadfruit-tree. Among the angels who had been created was Kanaloa, the Hawaiian Lucifer, who was a disturbing element in Heaven. Having failed to create

a man of his own, he decided to destroy the handiwork of Kane, and so entered the primitive paradise in the form of a *moo*, or lizard, and tempted the simple pair to commit some crime for which they were banished from Eden by the "large white bird of Kane." The Hawaiian Adam had three sons, the second of whom was slain by the first. Thirteen generations follow for the Biblical ten, when occurred the Hawaiian deluge. The Hawaiian Noah was called Nuu, and there is the tale of the ark and the wife and sons, and the pairs of every living thing. When the floods were over, the gods entered the ark and commanded Nuu to go forth. In gratitude he offered a sacrifice to the moon, mistaking it for Kane. Descending on a rainbow, Kane rebuked his thoughtlessness, but left the bow as his perpetual token of forgiveness. There passed ten generations between Nuu and Ku Pula, who removed to a "southern country," taking with him as a wife his slave woman, Ahu. Ku Pula established the rite of circumcision, and had twelve great-grandsons, who became the founders of twelve tribes, from one of which the Hawaiians are descended. There is a story of Joseph and the Exodus, but it is not so well authenticated, and is probably a tale gotten from contact with some other people; but the genealogical line from the Hawaiian Adam to the Hawaiian Jacob has been brought down through three distinct historical channels, whose agreement is wonderful. The one brought to the islands in the eleventh century by the high priest Paao, and retained by his successors, is regarded as most authentic.

With the Exodus and the settlement of the Menehune people in the land set apart for them by Kane, the Hawaiian legends cease to be Hebraic. How did the

Hawaiian priesthood become possessed of the stories of the Hebrew genesis? It was old to them when the Resolution and the Discovery dropped anchor in Kealakakua Bay, old to them when one or more chance parties of Spanish sailors may have dropped in upon them on their way to the Spice Islands, and, probably, old to them when the Hawaiians found their present home, in the sixth century, and when the Polynesians left the coast of Asia, four centuries earlier. One theory is that the story was acquired through Israelitish contact with the ancestors of the Polynesians while they were drifting eastward from the land of their nativity. A more probable assumption, think the investigators, is that the Hawaiian theogony, so strangely perpetuated, is an independent and perhaps original version of a series of Creation legends once common to the Cushite, Semitic, and Aryan tribes, and handed down quite as accurately as the Jewish version before the latter became fixed in written characters.

The Hawaiian language was first reduced to writing by the missionaries. Previous to their coming, there was not even a picture-writing like that of the Egyptians and Aztecs. But the history was well remembered and accurately repeated, and the rite of circumcision and the cities of refuge remained until modern times.

The Hawaiians had an extensive pantheon, with all sorts of gods for all sorts of things. Each of the great gods was worshiped under various special attributes, which afterward came to be regarded as different persons, and still further increased the number of deities. The powers of Nature were all personified, and the Hawaiians made these phenomena into something human like them-

selves. Some of their wonder-stories are strongly reminiscent of the Greeks. They deified the powers of the volcano. Pele, their fire-goddess, more feared and revered than any other deity on Hawaii, had her home deep down in Kilauea, as Vulcan had his subterranean forges. Pele was identical with the Samoan fire-goddess, Fee. Oddly enough, there was no worship of the sun or moon. The Hawaiians had a god of the winds, corresponding to the Grecian Æolus, a god who carried the winds in a calabash. In the twelfth century, the Hawaiians date their story of Hina, the Helen of Hawaii, who was stolen from her husband, and whose recovery was a matter of long years and terrific battles.

A whole family of legends grew up concerning the creation of the islands. There is a hiatus of twelve or thirteen generations after the Exodus, and then the line of the chiefs is brought down to Wakea and his wife, Papa, mythical rulers with superhuman attributes, who existed, if at all, before the Polynesians left the Asiatic coast. Papa is the name given to the earth by the Maoris. This royal pair was mutually jealous. Wakea found favor with the beautiful Hina (not the kidnaped one), and the island of Molokai was their child. In retaliation, Papa gave her love to a warrior called Lua, and the island of Oahu was born of them. The old names were Molokai-Hina and Oahu-a-Lua. Another legend is that Hawaii-loa, a distinguished chief, sailed westward, and, guided by the Pleiades, discovered the Hawaiian group, giving to the largest island his own name, and to the others the names of his children. Quite as fanciful a story relates how an immense bird laid an egg on the ocean (the ancient Finns conceived

of the earth as an egg). This one was hatched by the tropic winds, and the Hawaiian group came into being. Came then a man and woman in a canoe from Kahiki, with a pair of dogs, hogs, and fowls, landed on the eastern shore of Hawaii, and became the progenitors of the Hawaiian people. When Paao came from Samoa, in the eleventh century, he added a fourth god to the Hawaiian trinity, it being the Polynesian method to count by fours. War-gods grew up, and each trade or profession had its tutelar deity. The beach of Kaloa, on the southeast coast of Hawaii, was the favorite source of idols, for here the stones were supposed to propagate of themselves. The land abounded with gnomes and fairies, and the waters with nymphs and monsters, whose caprices are the themes of many folk-lore tales. With every stream and gorge and headland some fairy story is connected, and the old-time bards kept these legends alive among the people.

This abundant invention is used by some as a reproach to the Hawaiians. Only scholars understand the spontaneous invention of a childlike people. It is delightful to sit on the sheltered deck of a modern steamer and have a cleft in a passing hill pointed out as the place where the demigod Maui started to remove the mountain, but just then the *elepaio* bird sang, after which no god could do any work.

I sat six hours one night to hear the wonderful story of Umi, the peasant prince of Hawaii, told by a native story-teller. For six hours the following night the wonderful recital went on. Then I asked my singer of *meles* if he could not condense, as Umi was then but in his prime and my stay was drawing to a close, but the singer

of *sagas* said that it would take twelve hours more to complete the story. He had never told it in less time, and he could not omit any of the details. I shall never hear the end of Umi in the original.

No part of the Hawaiian history of later date is more interesting than that relating to the *tabus* that prevailed in regard to women. Women were not allowed to eat with men, and certain foods — plantains, bananas, cocoanuts, swine — were denied them. They were not allowed to take part in the *heiau* ceremonies, but neither were they sacrificed to the gods. And, if the position of women is to be taken as a criterion of civilization, the Hawaiians were not so low in the scale. There was an equal standard of morality. The chiefs had more than one wife, but plural husbands for chiefesses was also the rule. Women chose their own husbands, and rank and descent were traced through the mother. A chief who wished to have children of the highest rank could not marry a peasant woman, but must raise his family through marriage with a chiefess of higher rank than his own, or with his own sister, niece, or daughter, which produced descendants of the very bluest blood. There was no such thing as a family name, and the single name of the child had no relation to that of the father. That custom still prevails in Hawaii, though the European fashion of Christian names is now being adopted, and the Hawaiian name of the head of the family is taken as the family name. Those who mistakenly pity Hawaiian women should remember that it was the husband's duty to beat the *taro* while the wife made the *tapa*-cloth, in a pleasant division of domestic duties. The Salic law was not known in Hawaii. There were many queens in their

own right in the old days, and very often the chief counselor and prime minister of the king was a woman of brains and rank. In the matter of sex equality, Hawaii could give points to some of her more civilized sisters.

I have selected the story of Hiku and his rescue of his dead love, which is the Hawaiian version of Orpheus and Eurydice, as a typical Hawaiian wonder-tale. The story follows :

Sailing away and away from the northern coast, where the water is green and gray, and great storms sweep over the face of the ocean, you come at last to a sea all blue and silver, where winged bluefish skim the surface like sea-butterflies, and the ocean seems like a platter of delft, all gilded at sunset and silvered at moonrise. Over the water sweet winds blow the fragrance of a million flowers until your nostrils are weary, and you know that you have reached the land where it is always June. A long, long while ago, on the island of Hawaii dwelt a youth named Hiku and his mother Hana. Their home was near the top of Hualalai, a high mountain which looks like a whale asleep. It has a long and gradual slope, and its curved top is almost perpetually canopied with cloud. On Hualalai's sloping sides is a growth of fresh young sandalwood, but in Hiku's day there was a dense and fragrant forest upon its hoary sides. Hana and Hiku were *kapa*-beaters. They made cloth from the bark of the *wauke* and *mamake* trees. They peeled off strips of the bark and scraped away the outer coat with shells. After soaking a while in water, each strip was laid upon a smooth log and beaten with a grooved mallet of hard wood until it resembled thick, flexible paper, the strips being united by lapping the edges and beating them together. Some of

the *kapa* they made was so fine that it resembled muslin, and some of it was thick and tough, like wash-leather. The *malo* that Hiku tied about his loins was of the thick *kapa*, and Hana's *pau* consisted of five thicknesses of the thinner cloth. Sometimes they bleached the *kapa* or stained it with mineral dyes, impressing it with bamboo stamps in a great variety of patterns and colors, afterward glazing it with the resin that they collected from the trees. Best of all, Hiku liked to paint pictures on the *kapa*— red spears or forked lightnings. Wielding the heavy mallet made his arms ache.

Whenever it became necessary to get new shells from the seashore to scrape the *kapa*, or when great piles of the finished stuff were ready for exchange, Hana would go down the mountain to barter her wares for fish and *taro* and seaweed and shells. On these occasions she never allowed Hiku to accompany her, though he begged hard to go. He had been born on Hualalai, and he had never been to the seashore. There were no other children on the mountain, but Hiku made up interesting little games of his own with old and bearded trees, and played his *ukeke*, made of a flexible strip of bamboo, with two or three strings of cocoanut fiber, and his *kiokio*, or gourd, with three holes, one for the nose, and two for the fingers.

To tell the truth, Hana was jealous of Hiku. She wanted him to stay with her always, and she feared that if he once went down to the village and found how merry they were there, bathing, swimming, and skimming the waves on surf-boards, he would never want to dwell on Hualalai's lonely heights again. And so she kept him at home, and invented new stories of the gods to tell him,

as the great mallets came down on the tree-fiber with a cadence like a chorus of anvils.

And she saw Hiku grow from a round, brown child to a tall, slim youth, with beautiful arms and legs, and with fine muscles that were the result of much beating of *kapa*. His eyes were black and piercing, and Hana knew, though she did not tell him, that he could throw his wooden spear further and straighter than any of the youths in the village below.

One fine night, when Hiku was about eighteen, the constant trade-wind died away. The moon shone full and clear, and the breaking surf could be plainly heard. There could also be heard the booming of the *hula*-drums and the voices of singers, which came clearly up through the blue night-air to the grass house where Hiku and his mother lived. And Hiku, who had been restless for days, suddenly sprang to his feet, and tightening his *malo*, declared that he was going down to the village, and see what they did with the drums under the moon. And though Hana hung about his neck and caressed him, weeping piteously and begging him to stay, he would not be restrained, and started out, and the best that she could do was to win his promise that he would come back some day.

And for days and days, the sound of Hana's wailing could be heard through the forest, and her mallet was silent. Hiku was wild with delight to see a whole street of grass houses, instead of a single hut, and it was very much warmer on the seashore than on the cold mountain-top. The slender stems of the cocoanuts bent in the wind, and Hiku soon learned to run up them with monkey-like agility, and to gather the green fruit. It was

delightful to dive among the coral groves of the reef, and Hiku soon added diving and swimming to his accomplishments. And while Hana mourned in the mountain, Hiku was perfectly happy, and rarely thought of his old home.

One day Hiku met a girl in the village, whose name was Kawelu. She was very beautiful — what fairy tale heroine is not? — and she was the daughter of a chief. She threw *leis* of *maile* over Hiku's head, and wherever he went she followed. And he was glad to have her with him, and they paddled and swam and fished together. But one day, the longing for the mountain, which the hill children never quite lose, came suddenly over Hiku, and he kissed the beautiful Kawelu good-by, and told her he must return to his mother. And Kawelu brought him *opihi*, tiny shell-fish from the rocks, and rare seaweeds and spiked sea-eggs, and begged him to stay with her. And Hiku ate the offerings, and then started for Hualalai.

Kawelu wept, and begged to be allowed to go with him, and, though she was a chief's daughter, she offered to become a beater of *kapa* also. But Hiku did not think Hana would fancy a daughter-in-law, and he was a selfish fellow anyway, and feared that his mother might grow in time to love the gentle Kawelu better than she did him. Now Hiku had brought with him from the mountain a magic staff that had been given to his mother by a great magician, years before. One of the properties of this staff was that when spoken to it would invariably answer. Hiku did not dare to return without his staff. Without it he could scarcely find his way up the tangled mountain, and his mother would be terribly angry. And Kawelu, seeing Hiku return for his staff, determined to follow

him. So she crept along behind him, and when Hiku slept, Kawelu would call softly to the staff, which never failed to answer her.

But when Hiku found that the faithful and gentle Kawelu was following, he was angry, and he called upon the vines behind him to grow thick in Kawelu's path, which they did for fear of the magic staff. Poor Kawelu, tripped by the vines and bruised by falling, tried bravely to find her way, but she was wet with the night-dews, and wounded by the stout vines that clasped hands in front of her. At last Hiku and his staff were so far ahead of her that she could no longer hear the voice of the staff. Weak and exhausted, the poor little chiefess turned back and returned to her village after nightfall. Sick with longing, and broken-hearted at Hiku's cruel treatment, Kawelu became ill, and though many black pigs were ordered sacrificed for her in the *heiau*, she died in a few days, and was wrapped in some of Hana's finest *kapa*, and her body laid in state. While the wailing was going on in the village, a deputation went up the mountain to tell Hiku that his desertion had killed Kawelu. This news touched the proud spirit and hard heart of Hiku, and he tore out his hair and wept, for he had all along intended to return to the village and Kawelu. Hiku wandered out on the mountain with his staff, asking himself what he should do to make reparation. At last he spoke the question aloud, and the staff promptly answered that he must bring back the spirit of Kawelu from the land of Milu, and restore the spirit to the body. It was not an easy matter to reach the abode of Milu, for the great valley of Waipio, at the mouth of which is the *lua*, or pit, of Milu, is quite at the other side of the

island. But Hiku was determined to reach the *reinga*, or leaping-place; so he lost no time, but, gathering a few necessaries in a calabash, he started out. Before reaching his destination, Hiku made for himself a swing of *kaoli*-vines which he bound to a *koa*-tree which grew conveniently near the *reinga*. Now the *kaoli*-vine is the Ipoula, which is own cousin to the morning-glory, and in the South Seas grows to an enormous length. It is very pliable, and not at all brittle, and Hiku's swing had but one strand, in Hawaiian fashion, with a short stick through a loop at the bottom. Astride this rope, and across the stick, the swingers sit, facing each other, with the heavier underneath.

Arrived at the jumping-off place, Hiku threw his swing over the *koa*-tree, and anointed himself with rancid cocoanut-oil that Milu and his subjects might think him a person newly dead. The swing of *kaoli*-vines looked long enough to lassoo the moon, and Hiku began to go down gently, in one hand the two halves of a cocoanut-shell, in which to place the captured spirit of Kawelu. At first Hiku could see nothing. He was terribly afraid and wished himself at home again, but the swing vibrated in the dark, like a pendulum, and he was determined to carry out what he had undertaken. Finally, the eyes of the swinger became accustomed to the gloom, and he could see thousands of spirits roaming about, chasing butterflies and lizards, and reclining under the *koa*-trees, which grow in those underground regions.

"Alas, how shall I find my dear Kawelu?" sighed Hiku.

But he had not reckoned upon the deathless constancy of Kawelu. She was the first to see him, and she flew

to him and clasped him in her arms, in spite of the cocoanut-oil, which did not smell pleasant, and asked him when he died. Hiku evaded the question, for he did not want to frighten Kawelu away, and so he only told her how much he loved her, and how sorry he was that he had treated her so, and how he had intended to return all the time. And Kawelu was so happy that she forgot everything else, even the day of his death, and as they talked they swung and swung in great arcs, and the other spirits looked at them and smelled the rancid oil, and remarked to each other that Kawelu, who had kept much to herself, had met an old friend, and then they went on catching butterflies. For a long time the pair in the swing talked, Kawelu patting Hiku's cheek sometimes, and never noticing that the spirits at the bottom of the *lua* were getting to look very small until, glancing up, she saw that they were quite near the opening, and she asked Hiku in alarm where he was taking her, for she feared another desertion. And Hiku, who had his cocoanut-husks all ready for this, answered not a word, but clapped the shells over her head, and took captive the spirit of poor Kawelu. Then he climbed up the *kaoli*-vine, hand over hand, and was soon safe on the sands of Waipio with the spirit of Kawelu in the cocoanut-shell.

After a dip in the surf, Hiku started out for the leeward side of the island, where Kawelu had formerly lived, with the shell in one hand and the staff in the other. It was a long way. Hiku lived on yams and wild bananas and berries, and at every village he was invited to partake of *poi* and dried fish. At last he reached the village by the sea, at the foot of his own mountain. He went at once

to the house of Kawelu's father, distinguished by the white *tabu*-sticks set before the door, and there he prostrated himself. The old chief was delighted to see him, and sent at once for his principal *kahuna*, half doctor, half magician, and told him that Hiku had brought back the spirit of Kawelu from the land of Milu, and how should they get it into her body, please?

The first thing that the *kahuna* did was to order the body of Kawelu brought down from the burial-cave where it had been laid. Retainers carried it tenderly, wrapped in *kapa*, like an Egyptian mummy, and as brown and satiny as it was the day it was embalmed and laid away. The *kahuna* took the cocoanut-shell and began his incantations. He first raised the nail of the great toe and slipped the soul underneath. Then he began to press it upward. He had a hard time to get it past the ankle-joint, but he smoothed and rubbed and patted and pushed, and finally it slid by. There was a still harder time to get it past the knee, but presently that, too, was accomplished, and so it went on through the rest of the body until it reached the heart, and then, slowly, almost imperceptibly, the lungs of Kawelu expanded, and she opened her eyes.

Then there was a great pounding of drums and a shouting in the village, and all the people rejoiced that the gentle soul of Kawelu had come home again, and the old chief fell on Hiku's neck and thanked him. And Hiku kissed Kawelu, and they prepared to celebrate the wedding. And the oddest part of it all was, that Kawelu could remember nothing of the swing, or the nether world. The last thing she remembered was the vines that grew behind Hiku, and the utter heart-weariness with

which she turned back to the village. Their marriage was followed by a great feast, and when Kawelu's father died, Hiku succeeded him, having as his counselors, Kawelu his wife, Hana his mother, and his magic staff. And Hiku loved Kawelu so well that, though by the law of the country he was entitled to as many wives as he chose, his affection for her occupied every nook in his heart, and she had the distinction of being the only wife of her husband, and in all Hawaii there was no pair so happy.

In this wise loved Orpheus and Eurydice in Hawaii.